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CHARITABLE TRUSTS, ANCIENT AND MODERN.

WE have shewn in our former paper on this subject, that before the Reformation the bishops had exclusive cognisance of religious trusts, testamentary or otherwise. The Court of Chancery itself had, up to that time, no cognisance of such trusts; and even if it had, was presided over by ecclesiastics, who of course followed the principles of the civil and the canon laws, and made it a "court of conscience." At the era of the Reformation a series of lay chancellors commenced. The Court of Chancery was legalised and secularised, and ceased to be a court of conscience; and at the same time the spiritual power of the bishops was crippled under the influence of the new despotism of the royal supremacy, and such charities as escaped the plunders of that age of spoliation came under the control of the Court of Chancery, whose system rapidly became cumbrous and costly. The result of this system of administering charitable trusts, we have seen, was a legislative confession half a century afterwards, that the funds were very generally misapplied, "by reason of frauds and breaches of trust," which the Court of Chancery had failed to remedy, and to provide a remedy for which the legislature passed the act of Elizabeth in 1602; under which commissions might issue out of Chancery to the bishop of any diocese and his chancellor, with any other "proper and discreet persons," empowering them to remedy, summarily and without expense, all abuses of charitable trusts. Thus then we have shewn, that for centuries before the Reformation, the administration of all religious trusts was exclusively spiritual and episcopal; and that within half a century after the Reformation, it was found requisite to recur in a great degree to the same principle, by reason of the utter inadequacy of a lay and secular system to repress and redress "frauds and breaches of trust."

The earliest and greatest of our lay chancellors (com-

mening with the one, after More, the most illustrious of all,—we mean, of course, Lord Bacon,) cordially carried out the charitable act of Elizabeth. Numerous cases could be cited of its admirable practical operation so far as Protestant trusts were concerned, for no others were legal for the century or so succeeding its enactment. From Lord Coventry to Lord Clarendon, from Lord Ellesmere to Lord Cowper, succeeding chancellors continued to issue commissions under this act, which discovered and remedied abuses of trust without difficulty and without delay. The lord chancellors of the age of the Stuarts were sincere in their desire to favour charity, and hence did their utmost to work the act of Elizabeth well; thus in the reign of Charles I. we find Lord Coventry saying, as a reason for supporting the decree of a charitable commission, that “otherwise the breaches of trust would escape unpunished, unless in Chancery, which would be *tedious and chargeable for poor persons*.” One case in which Lord Bacon issued a charitable commission (the case of a school at Yeovil, established in the reign of Edward IV.), and in which the commissioners had found that the lands were let fraudulently at low rents, the chancellor being appealed to against their decree, directed another commission to the bishop of Bath and Wells (the bishop of the diocese); whose report confirming the decree, he finally affirmed. Such instances were not uncommon, of chancellors actually referring the case a *second* time to the bishop, shewing that there was in the minds of the chancellors of that age no jealousy of episcopal administration of charities.

We will mention a few cases by way of specimen, to shew the sort of “frauds and breaches of trust” which were “redressed” under the charitable commissions, and which the Court of Chancery had failed to remedy. It was not men of low estate who were discovered to have been guilty of these frauds. In 1649 a commission issued in respect to a free school at Chelmsford: the lands with which it was endowed were worth 300*l.* a year; but the governors, Sir H. Mildmay and Sir J. Tyrrell (whose descendants are at this moment distinguished Tory Protestants of the same county), had defrauded the charity so grossly, that the commissioners decreed to displace them. There was an appeal to Chancery; and the court, though the commissioners had exceeded their powers, resolved that the trustees should not escape, directed a bill in Chancery to be filed, and forthwith made a decree confirmatory of the commissioners’. In 1555, Holdgate, Archbishop of York, left lands to the intent to erect a hospital for one master and twenty brethren, with an allowance to each; directing his trus-

tees to keep no profits in their hands, but dispose of all to the glory of God and the good of his soul. The trustees, however, in that age of sacrilegious spoliation, proved as unscrupulous as most of their contemporaries, and so shamelessly set at nought this solemn charge as to apply only 100 marks to the hospital out of a revenue of 500*l.* a year; and in the reign of James I. they got up a colourable and collusive suit in Chancery, in which they obtained a decree for increasing the income of the hospital to 100*l.* a year. In the reign of Charles I. the Lord Chancellor Coventry directed a commission to issue under the act of Elizabeth, and the commissioners, upon inquiry, decreed the *whole* income to the charity, and the chancellor confirmed their decree.

There are innumerable instances of the same kind shewing how well the act of Elizabeth worked, and how our best chancellors approved of it. Unhappily, however, selfish and sordid interests induced a desire to do away with it. It had one fatal fault,—*it was not favourable to litigation*. Indeed, that was its great object (as we have seen), to dispense with Chancery suits, which Lord Chancellor Coventry so justly called “tedious and expensive.” And we find a lawyer so learned as Coke, and a chancellor so enlightened as Clarendon, exerting themselves to carry out this beneficent design. But all Chancery lawyers were not so liberal or so favourable to charity. So early as 1652, about half a century after the act of Elizabeth had passed, we detect them trying to do away with it indirectly, by establishing that a bill in Chancery *might* be filed to administer a charity, *instead* of applying for a commission under the act. The preference of Chancery lawyers for Chancery suits was, if not laudable, yet certainly natural; and at the era of the Revolution, so fatal to charity, they succeeded. One of the first of the chancellors of that age, Lord Cowper, declared from the bench that the act of Elizabeth had *worked too favourably for charities*, a declaration which stands on record as its highest eulogy; and from that time successive chancellors seem to have discouraged, and by degrees discontinued, issuing commissions under it. A long series of cases could be cited to shew how badly charities were now administered in the Court of Chancery, and how incompetent the court must in its own nature be for their administration. For instance, this same Lord Chancellor Cowper had a case before him in which the testator had left money to those of his relatives “fearing God and walking humbly before Him.” The chancellor coolly directed the money to be divided equally among *all* the relatives; comprising, very likely, some of sceptical opinions and scandalous life, for the age was one of

almost universal corruption. How could he do otherwise? What means had he of ascertaining who among the relatives "feared God and walked humbly before Him?" Fancy referring such an inquiry to the Master! Perhaps a bishop, with the aid of his parish priest, could have made some approaches to the truth. It is remarkable that in 1735 a similar case came before Lord Hardwicke, who made a similar decree, observing with a sneer, that "he could not try spirits!"

Another class of cases shews clearly enough the incompetence of the Court of Chancery to administer charities, in consequence of its strict and rigid rules of construction, as well as the absence of any spiritual element in its constitution. For instance, there was an endowment for a lecturer, so long as he should attend the charge of diligent preaching once every Sunday; the trustees having power to appoint a new lecturer when the lectureship should be void by death, *removal*, or *otherwise*. It happened that the lecturer, on account of his debts, found himself obliged to accept a military chaplaincy, and was abroad for many years: nevertheless, the Court of Chancery doubted if the trustees had power to appoint a new lecturer! This, indeed, was the character of all the decisions in Chancery. They were marked by a harsh adherence to the *letter* of the founder's will, instead of catching and carrying out the *spirit* and object of his endowment. Such cannot but be the characteristic tendency of a secular tribunal *not* a "court of conscience."

Just after the Revolution occurred a case shewing in a striking and amusing manner how much more could be done for the sake of policy than charity. In 1684, just before the Revolution, there had been an endowment for the benefit of "sixty pious ejected ministers," which the Lord Keeper had directed to be applied to the support of a chaplain at Chelsea College! Soon after the Revolution, however, when Richard Baxter and his friends were rather in favour at court, they had influence enough to get this decree reversed, and the money remaining paid out of court into the hands of Richard himself, to be distributed according to the testator's intent. The great Whig Chancellor Somers laid it down, that trusts, like testaments, should be construed *favourably for the testator's intention*. The principle was applied to *Puritan* trusts, but far otherwise as to *Popish* trusts; and Richard Baxter's friends at this very era, professing to be the "friends of civil and religious liberty," passed laws to prevent Papists possessing lands at all. But this by the way; at present we are treating of Protestant trusts, and pointing out the absence of any power of commutation of such trusts (if it may be so

called), or their adaptation to altered circumstances, according to the principles of the canon law, instead of that hard inflexible adherence to the letter of the founder's will.

Another point also is worth observing, viz. that whereas in 1683, *before* the Revolution, it was held that, as by the civil law charitable legacies were to be preferred to others, if the spiritual court gave such preference in case of deficiency of assets, the Court of Chancery would not grant an injunction.* But *after* the Revolution, it was held that, in considering the administration of assets, they *must not vary from the common law.*† And there are many cases which shew that at this period there was a change in the feeling of the country as to the value of charitable endowments, and a disposition to depress and discourage them. Indeed, it was toward the end of the reign of George II. that the *first* law directed against such endowments passed; and not many years afterwards the *last* commission under the act of Elizabeth was issued. The chancellors who favoured the policy of the new law did not conceal their dislike of the old one, and the grounds of their dislike, viz. because it had worked too favourably for charities; and they took care that, under their auspices, the Court of Chancery should be effectually preserved from any such reproach. For instance, in the year 1703, a case came into Chancery in which it appeared that in the reign of Edward VI. lands had been left to the parish of St. Clement's Danes in the Strand, London, originally worth only 8*l.* a year, but then worth 452*l.* a year. The increased income was at first applied in augmentation of the charity; but in 1682 the trustees, by order of the vestry, charged the lands with an annuity of 100*l.* a year to raise 1000*l.* for the *purposes of the parish.* The commissioners of charitable uses very justly decreed that this was a fraud on the charity; but the Court of Chancery refused to enforce their decree, and dismissed a bill filed for that purpose with costs.

Concurrently with the disuse of the commissions of charitable uses directed to the bishops, and in perfect harmony with the principles which were the cause of that disuse, there is to be observed an inclination in the Court of Chancery even to cripple the visitatorial jurisdiction of the bishops. In the time of Lord Coke it was laid down, that in ecclesiastical foundations the master of an hospital might be deprived by a bishop, without an appeal to the temporal courts; and Sir M. Hale extended this even to lay eleemosynary foundations,

* *Fielding v. Bond*: *Vernon's Reports.*

† *Lady Winchilsea v. Nichols*: *Comberback's Reports*, 4 William and Mary.

justly deeming that the founder, by appointing a visitor, indicated his intention to exclude the temporal courts.* In 1692 Chief-Justice Holt elaborately upheld this doctrine against his brother-judges, and his opinion was ultimately affirmed.† But Lord Hardwicke in 1740 expressed his disapproval of the doctrine, though it was too late to destroy it, the puritanical prejudices of Hardwicke thus carrying him further than Holt or Hale. With singular inconsistency, however, the very chancellors who had superseded the efficient jurisdiction of charitable commissions under the act of Elizabeth, were continually obliged to acknowledge its advantages. In 1721 the House of Lords solemnly affirmed, that in cases of charities the least expensive course ought to be followed; and in 1747 Lord Hardwicke himself, whose "narrow and bigoted mind" (to use Sir F. Palgrave's expression) we have already shewn, nevertheless said, speaking of the jurisdiction of visitors, "It is a *domestic forum*, adjudging in a summary way, according to the discretion of good men; and it is more convenient and less expensive than any suit at law or equity:" language equally applicable to the jurisdiction by charitable commissions; and indeed, as we have seen, the act which established those commissions had been passed expressly for the purpose of securing a domestic and partly spiritual tribunal for charities, and relieving them from the expense of Chancery suits. In 1791 Lord Thurlow said (in a Chancery suit relating to a charity), that "*he knew that applications to the Court of Chancery were very expensive*," and for that reason he sought as much as possible to refer the matter to the discretion of the trustees. He said, "It is impossible to bring the execution of a trust continually under the direction of the court. It must be under the general direction of the trustees; and if *they misbehave*, there must be an application to the court upon information." An information in Chancery, however, is a formidable affair; and who would like to embark in it, even if acquainted with the misbehaviour of the trustees?

It is plain, then, that in point of economy Protestant charities did not gain any thing by being placed under the control of Chancery. Did they gain in any other respect? It is easy to shew the reverse. A series of cases could be cited shewing that the greatest absurdity and iniquity constantly resulted from the administration of charitable trusts in Chancery, an administration which too often rather deserved the name of confiscation; as, for instance, in the following case:

* Bagg's case: Lord Coke's Reports. Case of Exeter College: Lord Raymond's Reports.

† Phillipps v. Bury: Term Reports.

—In 1786 a testator had bequeathed property in trust to build a church at Whitchurch in Oxfordshire. The bishop opposed the erection of a new church; the churchwardens suggested the repair of the old one; the next of kin, of course, urged that if the new church could not be built the charity failed, and the property must revert to themselves; and the court so decided! Can any one question that the testator would have preferred, instead of the trust being defeated and the fund transferred to the heirs, that it should have been applied in some way towards church-building? And can any one doubt that if the bishop had had the disposition of the trust, he would have so applied it? So in another case, decided by no less a judge than Sir William Grant, Master of the Rolls, about the same period. A testator had directed bread to be distributed to poor persons attending divine service and chanting *his version* of the Psalms. Plainly a man pious, but pig-headed. The court, of course, could not compel the singing of his version, though doubtless better (it could not well be worse) than Sternhold and Hopkins's or Tate and Brady's; but then it is curious to observe that the court threw overboard the chanting the Psalms altogether, and thought the *distribution of the bread, and not the attending divine service, the principal and primary object* of the trust, and "the chanting the Psalms only the accessory;" so they decreed for the bread alone. No one can doubt that this was a *bad* alteration of the trust, and that a spiritual court would have held that the attendance on divine service was the principal and the bread the accessory, the particular version being utterly immaterial.

In these two instances the charitable legacies we have mentioned have belonged to Protestant times, and been left by Protestant testators. Of course, however, the great majority of charitable endowments in this country are of Catholic or semi-Catholic origin, not later than the age of Elizabeth. Let us now see how some of the old charities founded by Catholics have been abused in the Protestant administration of them. Most persons have heard of the hospital of St. Cross, or Holy Cross, near Winchester. It was founded by a bishop of Winchester some eight hundred years ago, and was intended for the residence and maintenance of forty-eight decayed gentlemen with attendants, and for the support of a hundred pensioners, who were to dine together daily in a hall called the "hundred men's hall." What is to be seen (says Cobbett) of the hospital now? "Alas! ten poor creatures creeping about the noble building, and three out-pensioners; and to these an attorney from Winchester carries the few pence weekly that are

allowed them." But the office of the master of the hospital is worth a good round sum annually, and is usually (he adds) "given to the *son of a bishop*." The *masterships* of these hospitals seem the only portions of the original foundations that have been carefully attended to and preserved in full strength. Let us give another, and even greater instance. In 1540, a testator, being resident in Spain, directed his executors to send 12,000 ducats of gold to the Drapers' Company, to purchase a rent-charge of 400 ducats a year, wherewith to portion poor maidens. The money was duly received, and the land purchased. In 1559, however, about twenty years after the testator's death, we find a bill filed in Chancery (before the charitable act of Elizabeth passed) against the company, who in their answer declared, that they always intended, God willing, as far as they could, to perform the will of the testator; and the court decreed that they should apply all the rents to the charity, the actual amount then being only 84*l.* a year. From that time the company were left in unmolested possession of the property, which of course enormously increased in value; and a few years ago, when they somehow got again into Chancery, they actually claimed all the surplus income to their own use, instead of applying it to the purposes of the charity! This was too much even for Chancery; but as that was what the company *contended* for, it may be presumed that they had all along *acted* upon the principle, and had been year by year, ever since the reign of James I., quietly appropriating the surplus income of the charity! Nor is this a single example of misappropriation. In another case, charity lands granted in the reign of Henry VIII., and now worth 7000*l.* a year, only produced to the charity 1200*l.*; and in another, it appears that in 1699 the property of a charity was leased by the *trustees*, for a *thousand years*, at 8*l.* a year! The lease was last year set aside as "improvident," that being the Court of Chancery phrase for such transactions on the part of a trustee. It may serve to throw some light on the origin of such a lease to mention the following circumstances concerning another charitable foundation. In 1224, Simon de Roupell established a hospital, and endowed it with nearly 900 acres; the bishop of Lincoln was to appoint a chaplain-warden, who, with his consent, should select the inmates. In 1817 the Protestant bishop made his son chaplain-warden; and by this son the lands were leased at the old nominal rent of 32*l.* (the value of money in 1224 being, we need not stop to say, infinitely greater than it is in these times), himself taking a fine of 9000*l.*! In 1826 the lease was again renewed on a fine of 2200*l.*, and in 1835 for a fine of 1742*l.*, all which the bishop's son pocketed,

besides 750*l.* for sales of timber, amounting altogether to nearly 14,000*l.*, applying only the 32*l.* a year to the charity, and out of that stopping 8*l.* for himself! There were only *six* inmates of the hospital, and the annual value of the lands thus let at 32*l.* a year was 1200*l.*! It is only ten years since this case came before the Master of the Rolls,* and it excited some sensation at the time; but, in truth, it is only a *specimen* of a very large class of similar cases. In 1556, Sir W. Laxton founded a free grammar-school at Oundle in Northamptonshire, and in his will did for this "goodly intent" entrust certain property to the care of the "wardens and commonalty of the mystery of the Grocers" within the city of London. In 1571 certain proceedings took place in Chancery between the company and the heirs at law; and in 1572 the Lord Keeper made his decree, and the company were finally put in possession of the property. The income was then 50*l.* a year, out of which the payments to the charity amounted to 38*l.* In 1686 the commissioners of charitable uses made a decree allowing the company twenty years to repay the arrears then due to the charity, the income having very greatly increased, and not having been properly applied. From that time, however, they have administered entirely under the control of Chancery, and the result may be shortly stated thus:—A few years ago the case came before the late Lord Langdale: it was shewn that the income of the property was 1260*l.* a year, and that of this only 392*l.* was devoted to the charity; and Lord Langdale declared that according to the rules of the Court of Chancery this was all right! Another example of the same kind has occurred so recently that we need scarcely do more than mention it; we allude, of course, to the case of the Dean and Chapter of Rochester. At the time of the foundation of the cathedral schools the whole chapter income was allotted to various purposes, including certain stipends to the scholars. The income has now increased to thousands of pounds beyond what it was in the reign of Henry VIII., and the Dean and Chapter have received the whole, and have not increased the scholars' stipends, which remain at their ancient amount (now merely nominal) of one or two pounds. And the case of Rochester is more or less that of all our cathedrals.†

All these abuses, we must remind our readers, have taken place whilst the Court of Chancery has been the recognised guardian of charitable trusts. No commentary of ours upon such facts as these could portray in a stronger light the utter unfitness of the tribunal. Another case also, of a somewhat

* Beavan's Reports, iv. p. 462.

† See Mr. Whiston's pamphlet, *Cathedral Trusts and their Fulfilment*.

singular kind and of recent occurrence, may here be mentioned in illustration of the same truth. Some chantry-lands were confiscated by the Crown at the Reformation, and granted to Morpeth School. In 1685 a lease for 500 years was granted to the Thornton family. In 1710 an information was filed to recover them for the charity; and a commission was issued to ascertain the identity of the lands, which, however, the commissioners reported was impossible; and a compromise ensued, one condition of which was the obtaining of an act of Parliament confirming the said compromise. This act was never obtained; an information was filed in 1833 to carry on the proceedings commenced in 1710, on the plea that the conditions of the compromise had not been performed. The vice-chancellor held it sustainable, and directed an inquiry to ascertain the ancient chantry-lands confiscated by Edward VI. Here, it will be observed, a very suspicious "compromise" had been effected a century and a half ago, which was probably only agreed to under pressure of the peril of costs, and which, though it would not bear being looked into, even after such a long lapse of time, yet had escaped exposure for the period of 150 years, and has only just now been unravelled and redressed! What practical protection to charities can be rendered by a jurisdiction which permits such abuses to pass so long unremedied?

The general impression of the unfitness of the Court of Chancery for the administration of charitable trusts could not be more clearly marked than in a class of cases of the utmost importance upon this subject, with reference to its bearing on the construction of Catholic bequests; we allude to cases in which the testator has done his best to withdraw the administration of the property from the control of the court, and to leave it in the hands of some persons in whom he reposed confidence; precisely the species of administration which all chancellors, from Clarendon to Hardwicke, and from Hardwicke to Thurlow, acknowledged to be best adapted to charities, and precisely the system on which Catholic trusts have been so long conducted under the penal laws. Let it be recollected, however, that we are now speaking of Protestant trusts; and as the laws of course imposed no difficulties upon *them*, it is of itself an indubitable evidence of distrust in the Court of Chancery, that Protestant testators should have had recourse almost to the very same means for protecting their bequests from its fatal interference. In 1772 a case came before the Court in which the bequest was "to charitable and pious uses" generally. The lord chancellor (Apsley) said, "I am *inclined* in favour of the heir" (*i. e.* to confiscate the property

and defeat the charity), "but the authorities are too strong for me;" which, it is plain, he very much regretted; his lordship would have had the greatest possible pleasure in robbing the charities. In 1792 a somewhat similar case came before Lord Thurlow. There the bequest was to a party "to dispose of the same in such charities as he thinks fit." The chancellor said, "It is *clear* the bequest cannot be considered as for his own use; he is trustee, and can have no right for himself. It is impossible not to sustain the charity." But in 1804, when a case came before the court in which the bequest was "to such objects of benevolence and liberality as the bishop, in his discretion, should most approve of," Sir Wm. Grant said, "An indefinite trust, unless clearly charitable, cannot be executed. *An uncontrollable power of disposition is an ownership, not a trust.* Here the word 'charitable' is omitted, in order to give the bishop the most unrestrained disposition, and no object is pointed out which the court can consider charitable. The property, therefore, is not given to any charitable purpose, and it is therefore undisposed of, and *goes to the next of kin.*" Here, then, the intentions of the testator were flagrantly violated, instead of being carried out, as easily they could have been, by a decree either applying the property to some particular objects which the court considered charitable, or leaving it to the discretion of the bishop. The reader will not fail to notice the remarkable resemblance which there was in this trust to that which the ancient law of England reposed in the bishop in every case of intestacy; for where a party died without a will, the old common law declared that the bishop was entrusted to dispose of the personal estate to such uses as he deemed best; which, by the law of the Church, meant, first debts, next due provision for relatives, and lastly pious uses. In substance, it was a trust in the bishop to apply the residue, at his absolute discretion, to "pious uses," according to the Protestant idea of the term. And in Catholic times, and while the Court of Chancery was really a court of *conscience*, there could have been no difficulty in construing such a trust, and its execution would have been left to the bishop. Sir W. Grant, however, according to the modern notions of Chancery, actually held, first, that if it had been a valid trust for general charitable purposes, the king (*i. e.* the court), and *not* the bishop, would have determined those purposes; and next, that it was *not* a valid trust for general charitable purposes, because the testatrix had not used the word "charitable," although, he added, "she seemed to have omitted the word *in order to give the bishop the most unrestrained discretion;*" and upon this miserable technical ground the

trust was declared defeated, and the property passed to the heirs!

Such was the Protestant system of administering charitable trusts at the commencement of the present century; and to have the benefit of this jurisdiction, such as it was, repeated applications were requisite, and enormous expense. In a case which lately came before the court, it appeared that the Court of Chancery had already been applied to, to modify the management of a charity founded in 1669, at four different times, in 1759, in 1777, in 1795, and in 1810, when the court found that the scheme settled in 1795 "*operated in practice little if at all in favour of the main object of the testator's bounty;*" so it was referred to the master again to settle another "scheme." Now let us recall to the recollection of our readers the dictum of Lord Coventry in the reign of Charles I., that "suits in Chancery were tedious and chargeable;" the solemn declaration of the House of Lords in the reign of George I., that "in cases of charities the least expensive proceeding should be adopted;" and the acknowledgment of Lord Thurlow in 1791, that "applications to Chancery were very costly." If the jurisdiction had been efficient, its expensiveness would have made it undesirable; but to have a jurisdiction at once inefficient and expensive, circuitous and costly, and that for the administration of *charities*, was obviously outrageous. No wonder, then, that in 1812 an act should have passed, called Sir Samuel Romilly's act, which sought to provide some species of palliation for an evil so gigantic. It was but a poor palliation, however; parties were to be permitted, in certain cases, to petition the court, instead of filing an "information" or a "bill." It was a little less formidable, certainly, and not quite so expensive. It was very well as far as it went; but it did not go very far. It did not in the least affect the *principle* on which the court conducted its jurisdiction as to charities; it merely modified its procedure, and that only in a particular class of cases: it left the root of the evil untouched. To see this more clearly, let us look at one or two instances in which the act has been made use of. In 1655 a decree was made by the commissioners of charitable uses under the act of Elizabeth, which was reversed next year by the Court of Chancery. The trustees from that time downwards continued to act in disregard of the directions of the commissioners; and a few years ago a petition was filed in Chancery, under Sir Samuel Romilly's act, to enforce the commissioners' decree, and generally for the regulation of the charity. The petitioners did not happen to be aware of the reversal of the decree; *neither were the trustees*, who discovered the decree of

reversal among the papers of the charity, in the course of the proceedings in Chancery. The petition was dismissed with costs, in consequence of the mistake into which both parties had fallen; although it prayed *generally* for the regulation of the charity, as well as specially for the enforcement of the commissioners' decree.*

Again, in the reign of Henry VIII., a bishop of Exeter endowed a school at Manchester. In 1832 a petition was presented under Sir Samuel Romilly's act, and a "scheme settled" by the Master in Chancery, regulating the kind of tuition, the boarders to be taken, and other matters of the same character. In 1835 an information was filed to alter the "scheme;" Lord Cottenham gave judgment in 1840, and again the case was referred to "the Master." Then there was a petition of rehearing, which came before Lord Lyndhurst, and he altered the decree of Lord Cottenham, the dispute merely being as to the boarders and such purely domestic and scholastic matters. Again the case was referred to "the Master;" and once more his report was, in 1849, altered, the point this time being, whether the classical and mathematical master should be one and the same person.† Those of our readers who have ever had the pleasure of being "in Chancery" will be able to form an idea of the enormous expenses which must have been incurred in this protracted litigation; yet it was a trifle to what has occurred in other cases. Lady Hewley's charity we recollect in court some sixteen years ago, and we scarcely know if it be even yet "out of Chancery." And will any one deny that matters such as we have mentioned would not have been far better determined, without any expense (or none beyond the most inconsiderable amount, at all events), by a charitable commission, such as might have been issued under the act of Elizabeth, directed to the Bishop of Manchester and his chancellor, and some six or seven other "proper and discreet persons?" Would they not have been far better able to decide as to tuition and boarders than "the Master," more especially since the fun of the thing (if there can be fun for any but lawyers in anything connected with Chancery) is, that after all the Master would probably call these very persons before him, and be guided by their opinion?

In another case very similar, the commissioners of charitable uses in the reign of Charles I. had made a decree as to the management of a school, and the chancellor confirmed the decree. In 1844 a petition was presented under Sir Samuel Romilly's act, the commissioners' decree was set aside, and a regular suit in Chancery ensued. The points at issue were,

* In re Lady Peyton's charity at Isleham: 9 Jurist, 675.

† Attorney General v. Earl of Stamford: 12 Law Times.

the admission of dissenters' children, the rights of boarders, &c. There was nothing legal in the case, nothing which a charitable commission would not have been far more competent to determine than the Court of Chancery; the difference was this, that the charitable commission would have determined the matter without any expense and without any delay, and that in the Court of Chancery it was under litigation six years, and at an immense expense in the way of "costs." So again in the case of the school founded at Tiverton, in 1599, by Peter Blundell. Of course, in the lapse of ages, alterations in the system of education became necessary; some years ago an information was filed in Chancery, and it was referred to "the Master" to inquire into such matters as these, what salaries ought to be paid to the schoolmasters, whether the number of masters ought to be increased, whether it would be desirable to apply part of the funds in providing instruction in matters of science and literature and in modern languages, and so forth? Now, without expressing any very high opinion of Henry of Exeter, we really do conceive that a commission addressed to that gentleman and his chancellor, and six or eight other "proper and discreet persons," would have resulted in a determination far more prompt, and likely to be at least as correct, and most unquestionably not a hundredth part so costly.

The funds of charitable trusts, then, remained very much in the same condition after the passing of Sir S. Romilly's act as they were before; they were virtually without protection, exposed to plunder and speculation, and to the most ruinous dissipation by protracted law-suits. In 1818, when Lord Brougham had commenced his restless career, another act passed, reciting "that it is highly expedient that inquiry should be made, by commissioners to be *specially* appointed, into the nature, amount, and application of the produce of estates or funds devised or appropriated by pious and well-disposed persons for the education of the poor." Why was it expedient that commissioners should be *specially* appointed? The act of charitable uses (the act of Elizabeth) was in full force; it had never been repealed; and under that act commissions could be issued by the Crown not merely for *inquiry*, but for *remedy*. Why was not that course resorted to? Alas, we have seen that the modern race of chancellors cared rather more for Chancery than for charity. The real reason of the expediency of commissioners *specially* appointed will be perceived and appreciated when it is remarked that the commissioners of charitable uses under the act of Elizabeth would determine the cases they inquired into, and so preclude a resort to Chancery except on appeal; and practically it had been ex-

perienced that their decisions so far gave satisfaction that they seldom produced appeals. And again, these commissioners were unpaid. Now under the act of 1818 the commissioners were endowed, to the number of *ten*, with salaries of *a thousand a year*, and 8000*l.* for travelling expenses. Pretty places these for political friends! And what did they do for 18,000*l.* a year? Provide suits in Chancery for their friends at the bar, and blue-books for their friends in Parliament. Literally this is all they did. They had no power of determination, but only of investigation. They could do nothing by way of remedy, only by way of inquiry. The utmost they could do was to prepare long reports, which no one ever read, except attorneys who had some leisure on their hands, and wanted to get up Chancery suits as profitable speculations. The principle was most pernicious, of accumulating *mere materials for litigation*, and providing, moreover, the utmost temptation to it, by laying before hungry practitioners long lists of cases in which they could pick and choose profitable investments of professional skill and energy. We pray particular attention to this; for in far more recent measures the same mischievous principle will be detected. In pursuance of this pernicious policy, we find ten years afterwards another act passed in 1828, entitled "an act for giving additional facilities in application to courts of equity regarding the management of estates or funds belonging to charities;" in other words, as expressed with rather more candour and clearness in the preamble, "an act to give additional facilities *for* applications to courts of equity" in such cases. That is to say, the scope of modern legislation on the subject is to throw charities as much as possible into Chancery, and *facilitate* applications to the court respecting them; precisely the course which Lord Coventry as long ago as 1629, and Lord Thurlow as lately as 1791, had stigmatised as most mischievous and injurious to charities. However, under this last act the commissioners were empowered to report to the Attorney-General any cases they chose in which there had been neglect or breach of trust, and he could forthwith file a bill or information or petition. Practically, therefore, the commissioners were made caterers to the Court of Chancery; and these boasted acts were mere pieces of political hypocrisy, designed to increase ministerial patronage and promote litigation. Such impostors are the pretenders to popular approval upon these great questions of education and charity! There was a wise and salutary measure on the statute-book, which would suffice not merely for inquiry but remedy. The *charlatans*, however, cared not for charities, their hearts were set on salaries and fees; and under the auspices of these mercenary

commissioners, the funds of charity were materially impoverished by the expenses of suits in Chancery. Already Parliament had been compelled to declare (in 1812) that numbers of charitable donations were in danger of being lost; and the labours of these commissions increased the peril. For who would institute suits in Chancery (except in rare cases) but legal practitioners? and how many of them were likely to do so except with an eye to costs? Whereas before a *domestic forum*, such as the act of Elizabeth allowed to be established, honest well-meaning men could go, without peril of being ruined by costs, and state their complaints and have a summary and easy remedy. It makes one indignant to think that Lord Brougham and others, who thus betrayed the sacred cause they affected to advocate, should have secured popularity by their hypocrisy, and risen into fame and power by such false pretences.

Happily, "persons of the Roman Catholic persuasion" were exempted from the operation of these infamous measures; we need scarcely say from no favour, but simply because it was supposed in 1812 that they were badly enough off as it was, in being without law and wholly beyond the pale of the protection of the law. Whilst we have been writing, however, it has been announced, according to the anticipations we expressed in a former article, that the Government are about to bring in a measure upon charitable trusts, which it is intended to apply to all charities, Catholic as well as Protestant. The proposed measure, as far as we at present understand it, appears likely to resemble the one of last session, at least in this respect, that it will give the ordinary secular tribunals—the county courts up to 30*l.*, and the Vice-Chancellors' and Master of the Rolls' as to any greater amount—jurisdiction to redress abuses, there being a *commission* for the *administration* of charities. Now this really comes very much to the same thing as the act of George III., to which we have already referred, and which gave the new jurisdiction (with additional facilities for application to the Court of Chancery) to those very judges, the Master of the Rolls and the Vice-Chancellors. What success attended the working of these measures we have seen, and our readers will appreciate; and the reason of the evil surely cannot be secret. Powers of investigation and of administration, or powers of inquiry and of remedy, are given to *separate* bodies, instead of being vested in the same, and that a *domestic* forum, as under the act of Elizabeth. To enable one body merely to inquire, and leave the parties to embark in litigation afterwards before the ordinary legal tri-

bunals, is doing nothing but mischief; to give to one body, again, the power of administering or controlling the administration of charities, and another the power of redressing abuses—and that, too, the very court which has for so many ages been denounced as incompetent to redress them—is really augmenting the evil. But the truth is, that ministers look at all these questions merely as questions of patronage; and lawyers too often look upon them as questions of profit by means of litigation. The real problem is to avoid patronage and litigation; the new measure will augment both. Lord John Russell, in the course of the speech in which he announced his intentions as to charitable trusts, made a short statement on the subject, which it is much to our purpose to repeat. He said the commissions, which had sat from 1812 to 1837, had made their reports in 38 folio volumes, and had reported on nearly 30,000 charities, the annual income of which was 1,209,395*l.*; and that of this sum the amount belonging to educational charities was not less than 312,000*l.* He also went on to say that charities were *often ruined by litigation*; and by way of instance, he mentioned an income of 3000*l.* which had been reduced by litigation in Chancery down to 15*l.*! Need we say more? Is not our case proved? Our case is, that the experience of Protestant trusts since the Reformation proves that a secular and legal administration of charitable trusts is not so good, not so just, so efficient, or so economical as a domestic forum, such as the charitable commissions under the act of Elizabeth. With the inconsistency, however, which results from an ignorance or disregard of sound principle on the subject, Lord J. Russell positively proposes to leave the redress of existing abuses to the Court of Chancery, and the general administration to a Government commission, controlled by a committee of the Privy Council. It is easy to see that the scope of this measure is centralisation, and that its fruits will be increased litigation. On this, as on all other occasions since the Revolution, the act of Elizabeth is consigned to oblivion as obsolete. No allusion is made to it; it is simply ignored. Yet we have seen that our greatest lawyers at one time rejoiced to co-operate in carrying it out; and such men as Bacon and Clarendon were certainly superior to such as Cottenham. For ourselves, we are satisfied that this act of Elizabeth embodies the true principles upon which charitable trusts ought to be administered; and since the subject is one which has a very practical bearing upon Catholic interests in this country at the present moment, we rejoice that we have called our readers' attention to it, and at least done something towards enabling them more thoroughly to appreciate its importance.

LIFE OF RICHARD CREAGH, ARCHBISHOP OF ARMAGH.

THOUGH Protestant historians have been not unjustly charged with misrepresenting the history of the Reformation in Ireland, there is, it must be confessed, some excuse for their errors in the very careless and conflicting accounts given by Catholics themselves of some of the most distinguished martyrs and confessors of the old faith. If there was one Catholic prelate during Elizabeth's reign whose life might be expected to be known and studied by Irish Catholics, Richard Creagh, Archbishop of Armagh, was certainly that man. Born in a city pre-eminent even in Ireland for fidelity to the faith, sprung from the middle classes of the people, then and ever since faithful to the Church, entering the sacred ministry at the very moment when Elizabeth was proscribing it, experiencing in his own person all the trials to which his successors were to be subjected, betrayed by his own, calumniated by a false brother in the episcopacy, loyal where loyalty was not due, imprisoned, and tried by a tyrannical judge, resisting during a long captivity of nearly twenty years all temptations to apostacy, and closing his honoured life in the Tower of London,—he appears to want none of those qualities that should endear his memory to that Church which he taught so faithfully how to win the martyr's crown in the persecutions then closing around her. Yet both in the more ancient sketches of his life, and in others lately published, there is much confusion and contradiction; possibly we may not be able to remove them altogether, but we shall at least give a more full and consistent account than has yet been published.

Richard Creagh, more correctly Crevagh, and in Irish O'Mulchreibe, was born in the city of Limerick, of a respectable family, probably about the year 1525. At an early age he was apprenticed by his parents (Nicholas and Johanna White) in his native city, with many other respectable young men, to a merchant engaged in the then lucrative commerce of spices and saffron, an article generally used by the native Irish for dyeing their dress. In the war with France in 1546, he lost his share in a ship captured by the French, and valued at 9000 ducats. Whether this loss may have influenced him to think of another state of life is not stated by his biographers. According to some, his vocation was decided during a voyage to Spain. His ship was freighted with merchandise in a Spanish port, ready to weigh anchor for Ireland; but he had resolved to hear Mass before he embarked, and on returning from the church to the shore he saw the vessel under

sail clearing the port. He called out, but in vain; for either by a sudden gust of wind or by mis-management, she went down, and all on board perished. From that moment he resolved to consecrate himself to God, and immediately commenced his ecclesiastical studies. 'This voyage to Spain is not mentioned, however, by his more trustworthy biographer, who represents a delicacy of conscience about the dangers of the trade in which he was engaged as having been the occasion of his call to the ecclesiastical state; he shuddered at the indifference with which less sensitive consciences weighed out moist saffron to their customers, and he used all possible exertions to avoid that injustice himself. But his heart was not in the trade: against the pressing entreaties of his parents and friends, who could see at that time nothing but peril in the prospects of an Irish Catholic priest, he obtained his master's consent, renounced business, and after mastering whatever knowledge of Latin a city without a school could supply, he proceeded to Louvain, probably about the year 1551.

After a distinguished course of classics and philosophy he took out his degree of master of arts, and in due time became bachelor of divinity. He returned to his native city, after an absence of seven or eight years, resolved, as he tells us, to dispense for the good of his own country what he learned "at the Emperor Charles and other good men's cost." And greatly were then required the zeal and intelligence of such a priest. Elizabeth's first Irish parliament had just proscribed the Catholic faith; the strong attachment of the citizens to the English crown, and the general ignorance regarding the precise nature of the changes introduced, endangered the fidelity of the people. Richard lost no time, under the guidance of De Lacy, the Catholic bishop of the see, in denouncing, in public and private, in season and out of season, the oath of supremacy and attendance at the Protestant worship. His labours were confined principally to his native diocese; and whatever time could be spared from the essential duties of the mission he devoted to a school, in which he was aided by Leverous, the deprived bishop of Kildare. A very humble occupation this may appear now, but it was then felt to be the great duty of the priest, as Ireland had none of those institutions which had once made her illustrious: the towns, bowed down by the spirit of provincial colonists, had neither schools nor colleges; the native Irish princes were either too poor or too insecure to establish them; the government resisted moreover every such attempt; and the hierarchy, divided in itself and for the most part at the beck of government, had not provided for the education of the people. "Grievously,"

exclaims our biographer, "had our ancestors sinned in this matter, that from supine negligence they left no provision for the education of youth." Richard's zeal and high repute for learning attracted the attention of the nuncio, David Wolfe, who arrived at Limerick in August 1560, charged especially with providing for the vacant sees. He was at once destined for the see either of Armagh or Cashel, both then vacant, and was commanded, in virtue of the oath taken by the bachelors of divinity, to proceed to Rome. He expressed a decided repugnance to this promotion; but in obedience to his oath, and not without hopes that he might be permitted to enter the order of Theatines at Rome, he left Ireland for that city in August 1562. His whole travelling charges on his departure were 20 crowns of his own, 40 from the nuncio, and 12 marks from De Lacy, Bishop of Limerick. Arriving in Rome in January 1563, he delivered to the general of the Jesuits the letter written to Cardinal Moroni by the Irish nuncio; and was ordered in the month of February by Cardinal Gonzaga, who then held the place of Moroni, absent at the Council of Trent, not to think of entering any religious order until the Pope's pleasure was known. The order was soon given: he was commanded, under pain of excommunication, to prepare for consecration as Archbishop of Armagh; was examined on St. Patrick's day 1564, and consecrated by Lomelino and another bishop in the Pope's chapel the following Easter. Under the eye of Pope Pius IV., to whom our archbishop was specially dear, there were collected at that time in Rome several distinguished Irish priests, who had also been sent over by David Wolfe. These were the hope of the Irish Church. Three of them had already taken their places in the Council of Trent as Irish bishops, and several others were supported in Rome with their retinue at the Pope's special charge. Richard was placed on this list as soon as he was ordered to prepare for consecration: "he had daily meat, drink, and wine for himself and his servants at the Pope's cost, paying for his house-room six crowns by the month; he had apparel of three sorts, of blue and unwatered chamlet, and wore the same in Rome, having four or five servants waiting there on him: in his household also, and supported at his own expense, were two or three poor scholars." These particulars, and many others too numerous to be mentioned, were elicited from him by the inquisitorial interrogatories in the Tower of London. In the month of July 1564 he received the Pope's blessing, and set out on horseback from Rome, accompanied part of the way by a priest, and the entire journey by an Ulster student. The fatigue of this summer

journey reduced a constitution not naturally strong; and by the time of his arrival at Augsburg he was attacked by an ague, which compelled him to accept for a week the kind hospitality of the Cardinal of Augsburg. Starting with restored health, he proceeded to Antwerp, where he met John Clement, tutor of the children of Sir Thomas More, and then an exile for the faith. Prevented from sailing immediately, he hastened his steps to his beloved Louvain, where his heart was cheered by some Irish students, and where for the first time he appeared publicly as Archbishop of Armagh since his departure from Rome. In memory of old times, he gave a grand banquet to the doctors of the university, "sitting with them in his archbishoprick's apparel of blue chamlet, which he did not wear in any other place since he came from Rome." Embarking in a ship bound for Ireland, he was driven ashore at Dover; and in his own words, "being arrived in England, he was unknown; and at Rochester he found an Irish boy begging, whom he took with him to London, and there lodged at the Three Cups in Broad Street, in October 1564, where he tarried past three days; and at his being in London, he went to Paul's Church, and there walked, but had no talk with any man; and also to Westminster Abbey, to see the monuments there; and from thence he went to Westminster Hall, at the time that he heard Bonner was to be arraigned there." Within less than one short year, our fearless primate was himself to be arraigned there; for though the abomination of desolation was not yet set up in Irish churches as in Westminster and St. Paul's, the dangers of the Irish mission had considerably increased since his departure, and there were especially for him difficulties trying at any time in the circumstances of that diocese to which he had been appointed.

Nearly the whole archdiocese was at this period under the absolute control of John O'Neil, a prince of great energy and not a few noble qualities, but who though never faithless to the Catholic Church, regarded it as it has been too often regarded, as an acolyte of the civil power. He wished to have the vacant see of Down for his brother, a young man without learning, only twenty-three years of age, and he had sent to Rome for the purpose. But the primate, it was known, would not consent to that nomination. Moreover, Terence Daniel, dean of Armagh, a court-favourite during the reign of Edward VI., and one of those pliant ecclesiastics with whom some of the high places in the Church were cursed at that period, was strongly recommended to the Pope by O'Neil for the archbishopric. Here was what may be called the Catholic party opposed to the new primate. Elizabeth had moreover ap-

pointed Loftus, an English Protestant, to the see. The canons had no part in this nomination; for though, to conciliate them, she violated a statute just passed by the Irish parliament, and had issued a *congé d'élire*, the dean either could not or would not assemble them, so indignant were they at the intrusion of a heretic into St. Patrick's chair. Loftus, however, after a considerable delay, was consecrated in March 1563, and by the aid of English troops held his position for some time in the Louth or English portion of the diocese. To the difficulties arising from these two parties must be added the primate's utter ignorance of the archdiocese: he had never seen any of the Ulster clergy, except a few bishops in the English pale in Queen Mary's time: though not ignorant of Irish (of which he has left a grammar) he describes the Ulster Irish in the colours in which they were then commonly drawn by the Anglo-Irish of the pale—as rebels, and riotous and barbarous; for from his youth upwards, in the loyal city of Limerick, “his poor power was (as he thought) always bent for to serve the crown of England, as of nature and duty he was bound, knowing, and also declaring in divers places, the joyful life that Irishmen have under England.” Not deterred by the difficulties that threatened him, he resolved, if he were received by the chapter, to inculcate these principles, to induce O'Neil and the other chieftains to found colleges and schools, and he even dreamed of the possibility of founding an Irish university with the co-operation of the Crown—a project visionary indeed at that time, when even in the nineteenth century, with the heavy debt of justice due after three centuries of persecution, and with the praise of enlightenment and education on every lip, government still refuses to Catholic Ireland a university with which her prelates can conscientiously co-operate. If he were rejected by the chapter, his course was also fixed: when commanded to accept the archbishopric, he had extorted from the Pope a promise to be allowed to resign it when “it was good;” and he would at once return to Louvain, and according to his first and still cherished intention, enter a religious order. Providence had, however, for the present marked a different fate for him. Immediately after his arrival in Ireland, in the winter of 1564, when in the act of celebrating Mass in a monastery in his own province (diocese), not far from the place where he had landed, he was betrayed and arrested by the garrison of a neighbouring castle and brought before the warder. He told his rank and his object in coming over; and, at the instigation of the warder's brother, a man infected with the heresy of the time, and fully aware also of the value of the political prize which had fallen into his hands, he was kept a close prisoner and sent

over in chains to London. On the 22d of February, the feast of the Chair of St. Peter, he was interrogated by Sir William Cecil in Westminster Hall on many subjects, most of which we have stated in the preceding pages; and was thence publicly conducted in derisive triumph through the streets of London to the Tower, where he was shut up in a dark cell, and left under the impression that he should soon seal his faith with his blood. During the first three days of his imprisonment, as he afterwards confessed to his friends, his fear and agitation were so great that he thought he should have died, and the only prayers that he could find heart to repeat were such portions as he remembered of the office for the dead. But on Sunday, the third day after his imprisonment, having repeated from memory part of the prayers of the Mass, he found his calm and courage suddenly restored. He was removed to a more lightsome cell; and looked forward, not without fear, but with more composure, to St. Patrick's day, on which he was again to be examined. His examination before the Recorder of London on that day is still extant, and contains a modest and manly account of himself. For four days still he was left in utter ignorance of the impression produced by his answers; but was then at last informed by the warder of the Tower, that his fate was under consideration, but that, in the mean time, it was entirely in his own hands; for if he consented to ask from the queen the archbishopric of Armagh, he would most probably obtain it: the offer was repeated at different times and by several persons, but his invariable answer was, that his faith was dearer to him than his life. In the fifth week of his captivity, within the octave of Easter, the thought of escape for the first time flashed across his mind. In the bright spring morning a little bird, the companion of his captivity, escaped from its cage, and extending its little wings and flitting about the prison, filled his imagination with projects of liberty. The thought occupied him all day, and when night came, he dreamed that he was once more free and engaged in his sacred duties. Still, during the next day the importunate suggestion haunted him; and still again the following night in his dreams he recognised the faces of many of those to whom on Easter Monday he had applied some of the indulgences granted to him by the Pope: they were beckoning the way, and escorting him safe from prison. At daybreak, when dispelling from his mind the illusions of the night, and collecting himself for reading the divine office, the thought of escape became so fixed in his soul, that believing it must have come from God, and offering up a fervent prayer for strength to do His will, he examined and found that

the doors near him were easily passable; after a moment's hesitation and prayer he packed up a bundle under his arm, and sallying forth, passed five gates unmolested, but at the sixth was challenged for the watch-word, "whether he had the butts" (*num scopos haberet*). He could say nothing; but one of the wards answered jocosely, "Don't you see he has his coat under his arm for butts?" Pressed to account for himself, he stated that he was the servant of a great man, a prisoner not in close confinement;* an explanation which, after considerable threatenings, satisfied the wards, who allowed him to pass. For three days he wandered about the streets of London: 300 ducats were offered for his capture: he heard people talking of the bishop who had escaped, and whom they described (mistaking his name *Crey*) as having a grey beard; an error which might expose him to suspicion, as his own beard and hair were white: he was challenged by his pursuers, but answered them in French; and after many dangers he got safely on board a vessel of which the captain was a Catholic. Before they weighed anchor the sailors were all sworn as to their knowledge of the fugitive grey bishop; but as he was young and spoke French, no suspicion fell on him, and the vessel cleared safely out of port. Most of this account was committed to writing by himself and handed to a Jesuit in Louvain, who had known him before his departure for Ireland. His appearance had been then majestic and commanding; but now, chastened and purified by suffering, it breathed an air of heaven, and captivated the hearts of all who approached him. As soon as his capture became known, prayers had been offered up in all the Jesuit houses for his liberation; though some doubted whether it might not be better that, as More and Fisher had taught the English how to die for the faith, the primate of Ireland should lead her sons to victory in his blood. Letters of congratulation on his escape came to him from many friends, and among others from Goldwell, deprived bishop of St. Asaph, then residing at Milan, whom he had known and admired at Rome:

Milan, June 20, 1565.

MOST ILLUSTRIOUS AND REVERED LORD,

As I was deeply afflicted when I heard that your Grace was treacherously taken and carried to the Tower of London, so was my joy without measure when I heard that you escaped, as it seems by a miracle, to Louvain, where you are now residing with our good friend Michael, who I doubt not was as much rejoiced at your arrival as I was at your escape. You would confer an exceeding great favour

* Who the person alluded to is, we do not know. The Earl of Desmond was in London a prisoner at this time. He was taken at Affane in February 1565.

on me by writing to me a particular account of your escape; for when I first heard it, the thing appeared so incredible to me that it appeared like the vision of St. Peter, when the angel led him forth from prison. However it happened, glory be to God for having had care of His servant; to His divine care I commend your Grace, and myself to your prayers. As it is said here that an English Jesuit accompanied you to Ireland, there are some here most anxious to know what has become of him. There is a very respectable Irish Jesuit living here called Maurice, who was overjoyed when he heard of your escape. Present my respects to your host Michael.

Your Grace's unworthy brother and servant,

THOMAS Bishop of St. Asaph.

Our primate had escaped from prison at Easter 1565, on the first anniversary of his consecration. His stay at Louvain could not be long, for he thence proceeded to Spain; and being in doubt whether he should not be commanded to return to Ireland, he wrote from Spain letters to Lord Robert (Leicester) through the Spanish ambassador in London, to know whether the queen would allow him to fill the see of Armagh, on condition of loyalty to her throne. Before, however, any answer was received to this letter, he was ordered by the Pope to sail for Ireland; and in the month of August 1566 had an interview with John O'Neil, in an island near Clondarell, in the county of Armagh. The newly-appointed bishop of Down, not the brother of John O'Neil (as Mr. Shirley supposes), but the unfortunate Myler MacGrath, who had obtained that see from the Pope, appears to have managed this interview, and was present at it, with another of the most powerful of the O'Neils, Turlough Leinnough. O'Neil, who had received a letter from the Pope, promised his protection to the primate; but being then ready to make an attack on the garrison of Carrickfergus, he requested him to write a letter to the friars in the convent of that place to retire, as they would certainly be plundered. After that journey, on the following Sunday, O'Neil, Turlough Leinnough, and Hugh O'Donnell, assisted at Mass in the cathedral of Armagh; three men who, if united, might have defied the power of Elizabeth in the north. The primate preached to them, but he might as well attempt to chain the waves as combine in firm friendship the O'Neils and O'Donnells. For in the next month a strong English army having marched from Dublin, O'Neil apprehending that they might fortify themselves in Armagh, as they had already done in the church of St. Columba at Derry, took the desperate resolution, contrary to the primate's earnest entreaties, to destroy the church and the whole town: he left them a heap of smoking ruins. The protestant primate Loftus was at this

time safe in his lodgings in London, earnestly suing to get some other bishopric, as he received no money from Armagh. Turlough Leinnough proved true to the cause, and shewed himself in such force at his castle, that the English passed on to Tyrconnell, and restored the traitor Calvagh O'Donnell, who had first established them in Derry. But on his suddenly dropping dead from his horse in the middle of his army, October 26, 1566, Hugh O'Donnell succeeded to the chieftaincy, and, urged on by hereditary enmity, headed an expedition not long after into O'Neil's territory. Well might the primate, in the ruins of his cathedral, despair of saving his wayward children. On Christmas day, 1566, with hopes no doubt of peace and good-will, he penned the following letter to Sir Henry Sidney, the Lord Deputy :

RIGHT HONOURABLE LORD,

At our being in Spain, doubting whether the Pope's Holiness should command us to come back again to Ireland, we have written letters to my Lord Robert, shewing that if we should be by the said Holiness commanded to come thither, we should have none other thing to do but what our Lord and Master Christ has commanded, "Give Cæsar his own, and to God His own." The aforesaid our simple letters, as we think, the King of Spain (because we were his father's scholar at Louvain the space of seven or eight years) has directed unto his ambassador in England, willing him to know whether the queen's majesty should be content that we should fulfil the office that we should be bound to concerning the archbishopric of Armagh. Soon after we have received, without our own procurement, from Rome such letters as were necessary for the aforesaid archbishopric, whereby we were bound by our Catholic religion to come to Ireland : wherein being before the Lord O'Neil's going to Tyrconnell, we desired him (according to the above-mentioned letters directed to Lord Robert) to provide for all possible means whereby he might be at accord with the queen's majesty and your lordship ; but he was then so busy about his affairs, that he took not heed thereto : and now, before we should earnestly speak thereof unto him, we thought but to know of your lordship's will ; and what you shall will us to do therein, we shall by God's leave do the best we can. The said Lord O'Neil, for safeguard of his country, has burned the cathedral church and the whole town of Armagh, although we have earnestly chided with him before and after he did the same ; but he alleged such hurts, as were before done to his country by means of that place. If it be your lordship's pleasure, you will not disdain to write to us : first, whether you will have us speak concerning any peace with the said Lord O'Neil, and how ; secondly, if that peace should be or not, whether it should please your lordship that we should have our old service in our churches, and suffer our said churches to be up for that use, so that the said Lord O'Neil

should destroy no more churches, and perhaps should help to restore such as by his procurement were destroyed; finally, whether your lordship has heard any thing concerning our letters sent by the King of Spain to his ambassador and to my Lord Robert: so we commend your Lordship unto Almighty God. From Dunavally (near Charlemont) this instant Christmas.

By your lordship to command in what we can lawfully execute,
RICHARD, Archie. Ardmagh.

No written answer was given to this letter; we "have given forth speech of his extirpation by war," was the only reply: extirpation (that household word of Irish Government) or apostacy; apostacy to a Church such as the Established Church then was,—without preaching, without liturgy, composed at most of a half-dozen of prelates, the head of whom, the leading spirit of the Irish reformers, Loftus of Armagh, was at this moment dunning the ministry from his safe lodgings in Southwark, London, for promotion to a richer see. Extirpation was the word; though then and afterwards government indignantly protested, and poor Thomas Moore has written, that they never persecuted for religion until the close of Elizabeth's reign! To add to the primate's difficulties, O'Neil having in the course of the winter of 1566 or early in spring 1567 marched to repel an invasion of his territory by Hugh O'Donnell, hanged a priest; and on his return came to Armagh to ask absolution, which the primate could not give, as the crime was reserved to the Pope. Nevertheless, the unhappy prince appears to have had still the staunch old Catholic heart; for when coming again to Armagh to bury his brother, he assured the primate "that he should be well used, and should have his church as honourably as any archbishop ever had;" a promise, however, which he was not able to fulfil. For his gallant contest against England was now drawing to a close. This war had cost her nearly 200,000*l.*; but his own countrymen and treachery rid her of an enemy who had so long made the establishment of an Anglican Church very doubtful. In an invasion of the territory of O'Donnell, his whole army was almost annihilated a few miles from Letterkenny on the 8th of May; and himself, after escaping with difficulty, was treacherously murdered in June at a banquet by the Scots, whom he had invited over to his assistance. His body was wrapped up in a sheet and thrown into a neighbouring church, and his head was carried to Dublin and spiked on the castle.

A week before this defeat on the 8th of May, the primate was in the hands of his enemies. He was taken in Connaught on the 30th of April, 1567, by one O'Shangnessy,

who received for the deed a special letter of thanks from Elizabeth. Tradition pointed out the spot (though now unknown) where the primate was taken, and it was believed that on it, as well as on the family of the captor, a curse descended. Himself was smitten with paralysis; and the whole of his numerous family, with the exception of one young brother, for whom the primate prayed, were cut off speedily and childless. Why the primate had retired to Connaught is not explained by any of his biographers. His remonstrances against O'Neil's proceedings, especially the usurpations of Church property, led, it is said, to an open rupture between them, which was embittered by the treachery of the Bishop of Clogher* (or rather of Down) Myler MacGrath. Having forged a letter purporting to be from the primate, in which many uncanonical measures were recommended, Myler forwarded it to the Pope; but the fraud was detected and denounced; and on the 30th of May, 1567, the calumniator came into Drogheda, made his submission to the Lord Deputy, and lived a pluralist prelate of the Established Church until the year 1622; a very portent, a leviathan of church-patronage, and an impersonation of the sordid and unprincipled system which he abetted. The machinations of this apostate, or possibly despair of being able to control the ungovernable temper of O'Neil, may have compelled the primate to retire from his archdiocese to the province in which he was captured. There was joy in London for that capture. On the 6th of July the queen wrote a letter to Sir Henry Sidney, in which she expresses her joy at the submission of the apostate Myler; hopes that such other bishops as "it may not be found meet (*i.e.* possible) to expel, be *induced*" in like manner to accept their bishoprics from her; but orders that after strict inquiry had been made as to the manner and abettors of his escape from the Tower of London, the captive primate should at once be indicted, and *receive that which in justice he hath deserved*, for example's sake, unless there be some good reasons to the contrary. Whether such reasons occurred to the Irish governors, or what they were, does not appear. But tried the primate must be. All doubts on the subject were removed by another letter from the queen a fortnight later, July 22, which recommended, as the more politic course, that he should be tried in Ireland as a greater terror to missionaries from Rome; but that if there was any doubt of a conviction by an Irish jury, he should be forthwith sent over to England. How similar are the instincts of tyranny in

* He is called by David Rothe, Bishop of Clogher, though Myler was not Queen's Bishop of Clogher until 1570; but there is no record of the apostacy of any other Bishop of Clogher except him.

every age, and how uniform the dealings of British justice to Ireland! In obedience to the orders from London, he was tried in Dublin, on an indictment for violating the statutes of the realm, and for his escape from the Tower. He conducted his own defence; challenged some of the jurors peremptorily, and others for cause; admitted that he was a Catholic primate, and that he had performed his episcopal functions, but denied that he thereby violated any law or statute of Ireland. As for his escape from the Tower, he had merely obeyed the law of nature in providing, as best he could, without injury to any man, for his own liberty and life. To him their sentence was a matter not of great concern; he had learned in his long sufferings to look forward with calm resignation to the death of his body; let them take heed that they brought not down the curse of innocent blood on their souls. The judge charged, as became an Irish court judge in Elizabeth's reign; but some of the jury had consciences. For several days (*per plures dies*) they were locked up in their chamber, without any sustenance but bread and water. The foreman, though labouring under dysentery, flourished on his ungenial diet, and had at length the satisfaction of bringing in a verdict of acquittal. He and his fellows were at once imprisoned and fined: nor did their verdict unbar the dungeon for the primate. He was remanded to prison. But early in winter he escaped* once more from the Castle of Dublin, accompanied by his guard; the good and loyal subjects of the pale were immediately in pursuit, stimulated by the great reward of £40 for his apprehension. The retainers of Gerald Earl of Kildare, the same Gerald who when an infant had been saved in the arms of a now deprived Catholic bishop, were mustered under the command of Myler Hussey, gentleman, and at imminent peril to their lives "made earnest pursuit after the fugitive Creagh by sundry ways with numbers of people." But the search was unavailing; the primate could not be found unless Hussey swore that he would not deliver him up, until the Earl of Kildare and the Lord Deputy had pledged their honour that they would obtain a pardon of life from the queen. Whether this was a plan laid by the said Myler Hussey to secure the primate's life at least from more unscrupulous pursuers, or whether the Earl of Kildare and his loyal Anglo-Irish of the pale were really zealous for the capture of the primate, we leave the reader to determine; for our own parts, we hope, and for the honour of Earl Gerald we are inclined to believe, that the former was

* David Rothe, in his *Analecta Sacra*, represents this escape as before the trial, but the documents published by Shirley (*Original Letters*) make it more probable that it was after.

the case. Priest-hunting was not a sport of the Geraldines. The facts are, that the primate was taken by Earl Gerald's retainers under the circumstances described; and that on the 22d of December, 1567, Myler Hussey, in a memorial presented to the queen, renounced the reward of £40, stated his own well-known services to her majesty, represented the certain loss of his own character for ever if his promise was not made good, and begged her to save his oath and credit by granting the pardon of life. The prayer was granted. But the venerable confessor of the faith was no more to raise an unchained hand over his beloved flock; no more to still by his sweet and majestic presence the surging discord of the northern clans; no more to dream of schools and colleges for Ireland, and of the old service in her churches, or of the rewards due to the ever loyal Catholic Anglo-Irish. The gates of the Tower were to close on him for ever. In London, the centre of intrigues which then as now convulsed half Europe with rebellion, he could hear laudations of that blustering and hypocritical philanthropy which would heal the miseries of all other countries, while an injustice like the Established Church, which no absolute government ever tolerated for half a century, was forced at the bayonet's point upon Ireland. But he taught the Irish clergy of the day the lesson then so necessary for them, how to suffer for the faith without the *éclat* of martyrdom. From the Castle of Dublin, and even from the Tower, he still acted as primate. He had trusty agents and friends who were able to elude detection by the gaolers, and sent many written orders to delegates duly appointed. Primate he had been at the altar of St. Patrick in Armagh, with the free Ulster chieftains bowing to his crosier; and primate he remained in the Tower of London, during eighteen years' imprisonment, to the day of his death. Of his life during that period many particulars are not preserved. Attempts were again made to win him over to apostacy: the same Myler MacGrath who had calumniated him to the Pope, and sown dissension between him and O'Neil, visited him at the Tower, and exhibiting the royal parchment by which he held his apostate honours, assured him that the same favour awaited him if he would acknowledge the queen's supremacy. But happier in his chains and in fidelity to his God than the poor fallen tempter, he spurned the proposal, and earnestly admonished him to repent while there was time. Hopton, lieutenant of the Tower, at one time received orders to make the primate and other Catholics assist at Protestant service in the Tower chapel. The primate firmly refused: they might take him to the gallows; he would not go to the Protestant service: he was forcibly bound in a

chair and carried into the chapel; but when the minister began to denounce the Catholic faith, the primate interrupted him, and would not desist from loudly protesting, until he was dragged out of the chapel, still admonishing, as he departed, his Catholic fellow-prisoners to close their ears against the heresy. Of these prisoners, many, as it is well known, were Catholic priests; and with them, whenever the prison discipline gave them any liberty, he contrived to make useful the knowledge which he had acquired during his eight years at Louvain, and his year and a half at Rome. He held theological conferences, at which himself presided; and from these conferences were secretly issued many decisions on the questions which then distracted the wavering English Catholics, regarding the oath of allegiance and attendance at Protestant worship. These decisions had their best confirmation by his own example. But if government could not chill the faith of the Irish by sending over to them an apostate primate, it would be politic if his character could be destroyed in some other way. He was charged by Vanright, one of the officers of the Tower, with having committed rape on his daughter. On this charge he was arraigned before a jury; but so clearly did he expose the inconsistency of the evidence, and such an impression had he made on the mind of the young woman, that she not only publicly acquitted him of the charge, but bore cordial testimony to his singular modesty, and left the whole blame of this trial on the machinations of her father. It would be delightful if we had a diary of his prison life. That it was borne as became the successor of St. Patrick, we may infer from the affection and veneration with which all his acquaintances and biographers speak of him, and from his own favourite maxim, *Paupertas, angustia, et calamitas sorores bonæ mentis esse perhibentur*. But we must close this sketch. About a year after he was last taken prisoner, the hapless Mary Queen of Scots crossed the Solway Frith to England, and about the same period after his death she followed him to the tomb: the spiritual head of Ireland and the crowned of Scotland, faithful to death to the Catholic creed. All Catholic accounts agree in stating that he met that violent death which Elizabeth would willingly have inflicted on Mary, if the instruments would take the hint—death by poison. On the eve of the 16th of October, 1585, he was suddenly taken ill with a violent pain in the stomach; his throat swelled, and other indications of poison were detected by a Catholic physician named Arklow, whom means had been taken to consult. Admonished of his danger, he confessed and received absolution from Father Creighton, a fellow-prisoner, confined in the next

cell, and resigned his faithful soul to God on the 16th of October, 1585. Having stated nothing in this sketch but what appeared to be confirmed by the concurrence of credible authorities, we feel it may be reasonably asked, Where is the probability that the archbishop was poisoned? Why poison him after having so long spared his life? Or why not publicly execute him? In reply to the latter, consider the peculiar circumstances of his capture in Ireland; and as to the former, the reader is referred to the assassination of the Catholic Percy a few months before in the same Tower. It was a period of terror in England: the league was then mustering in France; and the same policy that was hurrying the Queen of Scotland to the block, would naturally cut off the captive primate of Ireland. Catholic authorities mention the name of the poisoner, and the means by which he effected his purpose.

The primate's body was interred within the precincts of the Tower: and who even among those who laud the Irish Reformation, would not prefer that unknown and unhonoured resting-place to the proud monument erected to the apostate Myler Mac Grath for himself in the now ruined cathedral of Cashel,—selfish even in death?*

MADELEINE, THE ROSIÈRE.

CHAPTER VI.

WHEN the Curé accompanied Madeleine home in la Comtesse de Guaie's carriage, he inquired more closely into all the circumstances of this painfully strange affair than he had chosen to do before the curious assembled in the church, in which group Mdle Lagune stood pre-eminent; and while blaming Madeleine for entering into the strange mysterious oath to Alexis to conceal so criminal an act, he was forced, in self-accusing justice, to admit that he had acted without sufficient reflection himself, in the agitation of the moment, in not only permitting her so hastily to break it, but urging her to do so in the public manner in which it had been done. But the regret was now tardy; the evil of it had commenced its work in all sorts of uncharitable surmises, which she felt by intuition. Père Gallin tried by every spiritual means of consolation to calm and soothe the afflicted girl; and taking a fatherly leave of

* Several works, some of which are extant, are attributed to Primate Creagh: a catalogue of them may be seen in Harris's Ware.

her, with a promise to call early on the morrow, he bade her adieu, as he placed her in the ever-loving arms of her adopted mother. Despite that motherly care, however, Madeleine's state was so wild and excited, that the doctor, whom Madame Bertrand called in, ordered her instantly to be put to bed, and kept as quiet as possible. Where, then, was her ever-loving, faithful Louise? No one thought of her: who reckons a sister's love in comparison with an affianced wife's? And yet it often is far deeper and more devoted. She lay at home on her solitary bed, her head buried in the pillow, lest her aunt should hear her sobs; for Mdlle Lagune's grief was of that violent nature, that it only added to her niece's, it could not soothe it. She was in a passion with every one; and even accused Louise as the primary cause of all, in having, sixteen years before, saved the child's life, which had grown up to be her (Mdlle Lagune's) curse.

The affair, of course, so publicly spoken of, got into the hands of the police authorities; and an officer was sent off to arrest Alexis Valette on a charge of robbery. Something of this reached Madeleine's ears. To stay and condemn him, see him brought in a prisoner, was impossible; but one thing remained to be done, to escape; but how? Some one was constantly entering her room; then, too, the idea of a dark reprehensive look from Mons. Bertrand, made the cold tremor of fear creep through her veins. Escape, there was only that; but how accomplish it? Night was coming on; what a long, wretched day that one had been! Sunday, too, the *Rosière* fête-day; and as she thought over all the promised joy of that day, before Alexis's visit, her excitement became redoubled: she must fly all. Thus only could she find peace. Poor girl; she was sighing for that which had left her for many a long day to come. Once or twice Madame Bertrand entered her room and whispered to her; she did not speak, though awake: she could not bear kind words; they killed her. At last her resolution was taken; and when Madame Bertrand came to her bedside again, she threw her arms round her neck; she could not bear to go without her blessing; and craving that, she dropped more calm from her all-but mother's arms, and begged to be allowed to rest. Seeing her so tranquil, the other embraced and left her; telling her *la bonne* Jacqueline should sleep in the room adjoining hers that night. She spoke many words of comfort, and then left her in seeming peace. Madeleine listened, however, to every sound: she heard Madame Bertrand retire; the *bonne* come to rest; then, in a few moments afterwards, her heavy sleep; and finally all was quiet, and the time creeping on towards midnight.

When we are in great mental trouble, minor fears are forgotten. Madeleine, though usually timid as a fawn, arose, wrote a few hasty, affectionate lines to her "dear mother," as she called her; beseeching her to forgive, and not blame her too much; that she could not remain and meet Alexis a prisoner; concluding by saying that she would write to her kind mother and benefactress as soon as she had met with a situation. To Louise she also enclosed a few hasty lines, imploring her forgiveness for the unwilling sorrow she had occasioned her. She then dressed hastily, and before the church-clock tolled midnight, was on the high road and alone, journeying towards Paris. As she passed the outskirts of the village, the hour came booming through the air from the church-clock; it seemed to her as if the quiet, holy spot she had well-nigh profaned, where so often she had knelt in placid joy and adoration, was sending a loud-tongued messenger on her track to drive her forth. Still, with the last tone of it, she knelt down and prayed earnestly and fervently for guidance and support. "After all," she said, rising, "I have not been guilty, except of the temporary concealment, through fear; perhaps my good angel may walk beside and lead me in my search, and some rich reward be mine, if I succeed." She thought not of the rewards of earth; then she was comforted, and higher hopes were hers; for the good counsels of the *bon curé* had not been cast away. Thus the girl journeyed on, whilst in fancy she saw a shadow with silver wings meekly folded, walking beside to cheer her; and she gently uttered a hymn to her guardian angel, which Louise had taught her when a little child. The morning broke clear and bright; still she journeyed onward with the small parcel in her hand, which contained a change of linen—all she had taken with her—and about fifteen francs in her purse. Poor Madeleine! she thought this would last an age! She had never known the necessity of a day's pinching want, or the expense of even daily bread, when every loaf has to be paid for, thereby diminishing, by huge strides, the meagre purse. But she did not think of this; her thoughts were fixed on two things. One was, to increase, as quickly as possible, the distance between herself and Nogent; for she felt assured, in her ignorance of all law, that by her absence Alexis would be saved; who could convict, condemn him? The next fixed idea of her mind—one which had been long before this day fructifying in her heart—was to find her father! Something had, ever since she heard of his existence, been urging her to seek him; other duties, and perhaps joys, had banished it. Care brings many a beautiful bud to the rich flower's full bloom; so it

was with this: and now, strange to all, having seldom in her short life been even in the streets of Paris, she was hastening thither to seek one, with the slight clue she possessed, amidst so many thousands! She did not speak of 'luck' or 'fate' bringing it to pass. She thought of One only; and to Him she prayed as she walked onwards. A market-cart overtaking her, she begged a ride; her feet began to feel the length of road she had come. The man and his wife cheerfully gave her what she solicited; remarking, at the same time, "that it was early for a young girl to be alone on the road."

"I am going to Paris to join my father," she confidently said; for her heart felt assured, by its extraordinary lightness under her heavy affliction, that some happiness was in store for her; there could only be this now to solace her, the discovering a parent.

"And he lets you travel alone? a pretty girl like you?" asked a woman.

"He is only a workman," she added in all truth, as she had heard of him; "and I am going to seek a situation: I have been staying with some friends at Nogent."

The woman looked earnestly at her; for, despite her modest attire and little close peasant cap, Madeleine looked like one to be served, not to serve. Then the little hands were white as milk; altogether she seemed much unfitted for a servant. Little more passed; for she avoided, as well as she could, all questioning; when they arrived at the nearest point to the Quai St. Michel, which was still far away, she got out, and thanking her friends of an hour, stepped quickly away. After many inquiries, she found herself at last where she desired to be; but it was still very early; what could she do? She paused an instant and looked around. A quiet little shop stood near, from whence issued the refreshing odour of coffee; it was an early breakfast-house. She made a step towards it; beside it another door stood open: it was one of those houses which seldom close in France. "I will go there *first*," she whispered, stilling the cravings of hunger and fatigue, "and sanctify this day, my *first* in search of a parent."

And she turned into the house of God, and knelt down in humility and resignation, to hear the first early Mass. When it was over she rose to depart; but her strength seemed insufficient to carry out her resolves. So she sank down again on her seat; and she may be surely forgiven—this poor wandering child—if nature sought refreshment in a deep, overpowering sleep. When she awoke, the day had sufficiently advanced for her to prosecute her search, by calling upon Mons. Lafon, where her father was last heard of. After

taking some refreshment in the quiet little shop before alluded to, she proceeded towards the wood-yard. There was something so timid, so gentle in her manner, that the master himself proceeded to make inquiries for her; and she finally ascertained that though he had not worked there for a long time, he had called about four months before this present period to inquire for employment, promising to return.

Madeleine's heart bounded with joy, for he lived! "And can you not give me his address?" she inquired, anxiously.

"I cannot," was the reply; "but he said he lived near the Barrière Montmartre, where he had been working lately. If you inquire at the wood-yards in that neighbourhood, probably you may find him; but call here again, and should he return, I will ask his address."

Thanking the speaker, she turned away. Here was another trial for her, to discover the Barrière Montmartre; but the anxious spirit did not tire; and early in the afternoon she found herself in that quarter of Paris. But here in vain she inquired for Gilles Frémont; no one knew him at all the wood-yards; no such person was known. Disheartened, tired, she sat down on a large stone where they were building; and the tears began to fall from her eyes for the first time since her search. As she sat thus a mason employed about the building approached her. "Why are you crying, *petite*?" he asked, kindly. "Can I do any thing for you?"

Madeleine looked up; her face was so pale and fair, that the man moved a step back in respectful attention.

"Thank you," she said gently, "for I am in much trouble; I have been vainly seeking some one all the morning."

"A lover?" he asked, half smiling.

"No," she answered, blushing, "my father; can you tell me where I might be likely to hear of one Gilles Frémont, he could tell me about him:" she did not like saying he was her father.

"Frémont, Frémont," he answered, "I think I have heard the name; but I am strange about here; this is my first job"—he pointed to the building,—“but go there, to that wayside house, ‘*Au bon Enfant*;'” it is a place of resort for us workmen; the woman who keeps it is a good body: say I, Jacques the mason, sent you, and she will treat you kindly: I cannot leave my work, or I would go with you, *pauvre petite fille*; there, don't cry; I dare say you will find him. Have you come far? And what is your name?"

"My name is Madeleine," she answered, "and I have come a long way in search of him."

"*Pauvre petite*," he said again, kindly; "go there, and if

you cannot find him, come to me; I will help you in your search when my work is done."

Madeleine's face brightened; one kind word, one look of sympathy on her loneliness, was enough to cheer her onward. Oh, surely, when the Evil One invented a curse to lead us to recklessness and despair, he never imagined any thing so perfect for his work as uncheered toil, solitude, and mental suffering without sympathy! The labouring body or mind, and none to share its cares or hopes!

CHAPTER VII.

Madeleine rose smiling, and thanking her new friend, hastened forward. Jacques was young, and amidst the partial uncleanness of face incidental to his occupation, a comely man of some four-and-twenty years; he stood watching the steps of the hurrying girl; there were several men of various classes in the house and about the door, who all turned to stare at the pretty modest face approaching. Madeleine saw this and stopped.

"Madame Leon," cried one of them, looking in at the door, "here is a handsome demoiselle evidently seeking some place or person; go ask her what it is; she's worth the trouble."

These latter words were significantly uttered; and with the last one, a stout, well-looking dame came forth. Madeleine stood in confusion and irresolute at a short distance off.

"You are seeking some one, *ma fille*?" asked the woman, in a motherly tone: "can I assist you?"

"If you please, madame," she replied. "A workman, Jacques the mason, bade me say he sent me here for information."

"Oh, Jacques!" she cried, looking a little annoyed. "Does he know you?"

Madeleine briefly explained how; and ended by her untiring question about Gilles Frémont. The woman's face assumed a look of surprise as she said hurriedly, "Jacques did well to send you; I think I can find out what you want; but take care, *mon enfant*, to whom you address yourself; speak to no one but me; come in, I will take charge of you." And passing by the assembled persons with a quiet, sedate look, before which all fell back, she led Madeleine into the *auberge*, and thence into an inner room, apart from all. Once the door closed, she endeavoured to elicit from the girl how she knew Gilles Frémont, and why she was seeking him?—but something sealed her tongue; she, all confidence generally, could

not feel it towards this woman; and she merely stated that some one had spoken to her of him; she had a very serious circumstance to relate to him alone; she could tell no one else.

"What person can have spoken to you of him?" asked the woman in surprise; "you, a young girl like you, evidently from the country."

Madeleine felt her position a most awkward one, alone and unknown, inquiring for a strange man: if he should arrive, what could she say? And lost in these thoughts she looked down, blushing deeply; not a movement of hers was lost upon the woman; the other saw this, and looking up at last, said, "It was *le bon curé* of our village who spoke to me of him."

"A *curé*!" exclaimed the hostess, opening her eyes. "'Tis very strange: from whence do you come, *petite*?"

Madeleine was silent.

"Shew me your papers," cried the other, holding out her hand.

"Papers!" asked Madeleine. "What papers?"

"Well, your passport; you must shew it to the police, or they will detain you."

"Detain me!—Passport!" she exclaimed, rising in terror. "Let me go, pray let me go, I have none; if they detain me, I shall never see—Gilles Frémont," she concluded, after a moment's hesitation.

"I cannot comprehend it," uttered the really amazed woman. "Surely a young, pretty girl like you cannot—but no, 'tis impossible! for Gilles Frémont is old enough to be your father; and—but there is no accounting for what women will do. Tell me candidly, you are safe with me, is this Frémont a lover of yours?"

"Mine!" exclaimed the girl, blushing in deep indignant refutation. "I have no lovers; and—and—" she added with simplicity, sighing deeply at the same time at the memories it awakened, "our *bon curé*, who has known me from my infancy, had me chosen *Rosière* the other day."

"A *Rosière*!" almost shrieked the hostess, laughing till she cried; "and seeking Gilles Frémont!"

Madeleine's heart trembled with the terror her words and manner excited; she sprang up, and stood gazing with distended eyes on the other.

"Come, sit down," said the woman at last, taking her hand and reseating her almost forcibly, her alarm was so great. "Pardon me, *petite*, I could not help laughing; there, don't be afraid of me, I am not a bad body when folks know me; trust me, your secret will be safe, and I may serve you;

at all events I will screen you from the police by saying you are my niece, else they would arrest you, having no passport."

"I am very much obliged to you, madame," uttered she, struggling to keep back her tears; "you are very kind to a stranger, a friendless girl like myself; and I will tell you why I seek Gilles Frémont. He does not know me, but I am his daughter."

"Daughter! You the child of a man like that! And he has not seen you, you say? By whom were you brought up? where do you come from? and above all, why seek him now?"

"I only knew he lived a few weeks since."

"And are you so homeless as to hope for one with him?"

"I care not how homely it may be, so I am with him," she responded. "I can work too, for I daresay my father will get occupation again soon; Monsieur Lafon told me he would employ him shortly."

"What do you think your father is, *ma fille*?"

"A workman, is he not? He was a woodcutter at Monsieur Lafon's."

The woman smiled strangely, and seemed about to speak; then pausing, she tried to elicit from Madeleine her whole history; but this she withheld, merely saying that circumstances made her desirous of seeking her father's care; promising at some future time to confide all to her new friend.

"Well, *enfant*," said the woman, taking her hand and surveying it, "you must keep your secret, I suppose; however, I will befriend you, and you shall find your father. But you talk of work; these hands seem to have done little."

"I had no occasion to labour, madame; but I can do so now, and am not above it; only give me employment."

"Well, we must speak to Frémont; only, take this hint, keep a still tongue, except, of course to your father, to him you must tell all, and *keep to yourself*;" these words she whispered. "We are often deceived," she mentally ejaculated; "but I will watch her closely. I have taken a fancy to this child. If she be innocent, what a lovely thing innocence is!" And the woman's face grew sombre and saddened for a moment. She was, however, aroused from all sentiment by the door gently opening, and a man's head being thrust through the aperture.

"*La mère Leon*," he said, "why have you hidden yourself? Here are a dozen asking for you. Ha! a pretty girl; fresh and pretty. Who is that, *la mère*?" And he entered as he spoke.

"Gilles Frémont," said the hostess, "come here; shut the door, I want you."

"That suits me, when you have a girl like this beside you." And he closed the door and advanced.

It would be impossible to describe Madeleine's emotion. Not all the anxious desire to see her father which had driven her to the rash step she had taken could prompt her to rush into his arms, claiming his love and blessing, as she had thought so fondly of doing when they should meet. No, her feelings were more repulsion towards this man; there was a careless, reckless, libertine manner about him, before which she involuntarily shrank back. He was about forty, of a cold, forbidding countenance, yet over which the reckless air we have before alluded to cast an almost refinement of expression; he was so perfectly calm and at ease, certainly above the class *workman*, far too polished for that, though not by any means a gentleman; then his dress was quiet, rather shabby, but not that of a man doing any laborious work; neither did the hands, though coarse in form, indicate much hard-earned-bread-getting. As he advanced he stared freely at the shrinking girl, and at last exclaimed—

"Where have I seen you before? I know your face perfectly; where have I seen you?" And he tried to take her hand, but her first impulse was to shrink back.

"You alarm the child," said Madame Leon kindly; "she is not used to Parisian manners. Search in your memory, Gilles Frémont, and you will possibly discover *why* you think you have seen her before; 'tis perhaps a likeness."

"Likeness? no, 'tis herself," he added. "We have met lately; but where, *petite*? Do you not know me?"

"She knows you; but I question if she has ever seen you before," said the hostess.

"Let the girl speak, *la mère*," he said coarsely. "I want her to tell me; there, I knew I should win you to kindness at last." And soothing his tone to gentleness, he took the hand she relinquished to his grasp. "And now, *gentillette*, tell me where we met; for you look so modest, it puzzles me."

"Hush!" cried the woman, hastily. "You forget yourself. And you, child, tell him why you have been seeking him."

"Seeking me?" he exclaimed in deep surprise and pleasure. "Ah, come, tell me that; I long to hear; I knew we had met before." And seating himself beside her, he kissed the hand still in his grasp; but with a sudden effort she withdrew it, and, clasping both hers together, said in low tremulous accents,—

"This must be ended, or I shall die. Tell me, monsieur,

my ——," she paused, the word father clung to the roof of her mouth, she could not utter it then. "Tell me," she continued, "do you not remember a Therèse, one you loved, sixteen years since?"

"Oh-h!" he laughed, "you go far back. I have loved many; how remember one in the lot?"

"I mean," she continued, almost crying, "Therèse Delisle of Amiens; *your* wife, and *my* mother."

The man jumped up, an expression of almost laughter passed like a shadow over his face, then veiling it with his open palm, he looked all surprise at his newly-discovered child as he asked, hurrying question after question,—

"And you have come to seek your father? who told you he lived? how did you find him? you are Madeleine Frémont, then?"

"I have been seeking you all day," she uttered in tears, she scarcely knew whether of joy or sorrow. "I left No—"

"Hush!" he cried hastily, "do not name place or person; but perhaps madame knows all?" And he turned towards the hostess, who was all attention.

"No," answered Madeleine, "I merely said you were my father."

"Good, sensible child," he said paternally, "come to your father's arms! I love you dearly already."

And, forgetting her first impression, the girl clung to her father's neck.

"You need not be afraid of me, Gilles Frémont," said the landlady, rising from her seat; "I have known more of your secrets than the finding this daughter of yours." And she prepared to leave the room.

"Stay," he cried, catching her hand; "not in anger, *la bonne mère*; but there are family secrets too painful, perhaps, to have openly canvassed,—that was all I meant."

"Well, well," she answered good-naturedly, "I forgive you; only be a good father to the girl, for I have taken a liking to her, poor little thing, seeking you as she has done."

"I love her dearly," he exclaimed, encircling the girl in his arms. "And now, *ma chère* Madame Leon, not a word of this to any one. I merely wish it said that I have brought home my daughter," and he winked at the hostess, "to take charge of my house."



Reviews.

PROTESTANTISM AND SOCIALISM.

Du Protestantisme et de toutes les Hérésies, dans leur rapport avec le Socialisme: précédé de l'Examen d'un Ecrit de M. Guizot. Par M. Auguste Nicolas.

[Second Notice.]

IN our former notice of this work we gave a slight sketch of M. Nicolas's discussion of M. Guizot's proposition for a union of the Church with all the various sects professing a belief in the supernatural order and in a revelation made by God to man through Jesus Christ, in order to defend society against the evils which threaten it. Having then, as we have already remarked, ably demonstrated the falseness of the principles on which such a union would rest, the chimerical nature of the plan as well as the fatal results which would flow from it, were it even possible, he proceeds in the body of the work himself to propose the sole remedy for our social evils, the sole means of saving society from the ultimate consequences of error—death and destruction. Error is death, as truth is life; truth, then, one and entire, as held by the Catholic Church, and taught and enforced by her authority, can alone save society in its present crisis. To save and restore order, authority must be restored; and to restore authority, the principle of authority must be restored. Now there can be no real authority where truth does not exist—absolute Truth, divinely and infallibly propounded to man; and that is to be found only in the holy Catholic Church, which God has appointed to be its depositary and expounder. The Church alone can explain the moral problem involved in society and its relations, and it alone can uphold society, which is based on its doctrines. Protestantism and all heresies (and Protestantism is but the principle implied in all heresy raised to the condition of a dogma) lead logically at once, and practically have always led in the end, to Socialism. This is shewn at length by the gifted writer; and his arguments, to be appreciated, must be read in their own admirable connection and in his clear and forcible language. To quote any portion separately, or to attempt what could be but a most meagre sketch at best of the general plan, would be to do injustice to a work which we are most anxious to recommend to the attentive perusal and earnest consideration of our readers.

All we propose, therefore, to do is to advert to a few of the points which have struck us, and which we consider well

worthy of notice ; and here the only embarrassment is to know how to select out of so rich a mine, or how to separate one portion from another without injury, so closely does all hold together.

The chief part of the work is occupied, as we have said, with tracing the connection between Protestantism and Socialism, which is nothing else than practical Pantheism ; that one great social heresy, as Pantheism in the state of doctrine is the one great dogmatic heresy, constituting the one essential element which all heresies possess in common, the goal to which they all tend, and the ultimate form into which they inevitably develop, however much opposed they may otherwise appear. M. Nicolas, though principally concerned with Protestantism, devotes several chapters to proving that all the previous heresies, which he distributes into three periods, were but Pantheism in various forms, though starting from divers and often opposing points. He demonstrates this from historic facts, and he also shews why this was necessarily the case, and implied in the very character of heresy. We shall notice this reason briefly by and by, but for the present we will return to the connection of Protestantism with Socialism, which is the main subject of the work.

Protestantism is the most radical of all heresies, as attacking the very principle of authority. This, however, it would never have been able to undertake with any success, except by first fostering and then artfully availing itself of a misconception into which the human mind, injured in its powers by the fall, and when unsanctified by grace, suffering both an obscuration of intellect and a perversion of the will, is continually liable to be betrayed. This prejudice of the evil part of our nature consists in supposing that liberty and authority are naturally in a state of conflict. It is the old error, that with which man was deceived in the beginning. "Why hath God commanded you, that you should not eat of every tree of Paradise?" was the perfidious suggestion of the arch enemy ; and ever since that fatal day, the injurious suspicion that the commandments of God are "heavy,"—that which the apostle of love emphatically declared them not to be—has rankled in the bosom of the children of Adam ; heavy and grievous, a yoke and a burden on that liberty which is their birthright.

We quoted a passage of our author's in our former article, which shews that this supposed opposition between the true liberty of man and divine authority has no existence, and that the contrary assertion proceeds upon a misunderstanding of that in which true liberty consists, and a total loss of belief in the practical existence of any infallible authority. We

shall now only add the following observations, grounded on M. Nicolas's more detailed discussion of the subject. The exercise of liberty, as of all other powers and faculties, supposes some matter for this exercise. Now truth presented by authority forms this matter. Truth presented to the intellect of man is the proper food and nourishment of his intellect. By this means he sees what is good, which is synonymous with what is true, and exercises his freedom in choosing it. We have an analogous instance in the case of the material creation, what we are in the habit of calling nature. It is spread out before man, distinct from him and independent of him, having for its credentials the great authority of *fact*. Upon this field of nature man's intellect freely exercises itself in examining, comparing, investigating; using observation, not invention, as his instrument for the ascertaining of truth, to which, when thus verified, he submits his mind freely but implicitly. No one dreams of supposing that man's liberty of intellect is fettered by the fact, that the laws and properties of the material creation are independent of him, and imperiously *command* his assent when presented to him in the clear evidence of their actual existence. Now the supernatural order, not being like the natural, palpable to the senses, requires to be revealed in order to be known; but when once revealed, and possessing, as a divine revelation would necessarily possess, all the characters of moral certainty about it, and being brought within the reach and grasp of our mind by an authority of the same order, that is, supernatural also, imposes itself in the same manner on the assent of man's intellect, without in the least infringing its freedom. Were it otherwise, darkness would be the freest field for sight, because we could then imagine what we chose; and ignorance the widest domain for the intellect, because we could then think what we pleased. Every one, therefore, who talks of the infallible authority of the Catholic Church shackling man's intellect, unless he would go the length of impiously denying to God the Creator the power of revealing the truths of the supernatural order with certainty to man His creature, must simply mean to assert that the Church, as a matter of fact, cannot substantiate her claim to be the depository of this revelation. If he means any thing else, he talks unmistakeable nonsense. The Protestant, however, does not desire to confine the question to a matter of fact. He would have, in that case, to give up his favourite topic of the opposition between liberty and authority, as well as to forego his commonplaces and popular clap-traps of man's right to think what he pleases, and choose his own belief. We should be very glad, if it were possible, to bring him and

confine him to the mere question of fact, which is the true question; and we have a right, we think, to insist upon it in the name of common sense. We must own, however, that we see little prospect of succeeding in this, or indeed of inducing Protestants ever to meet the argument on sound and reasonable grounds, while they differ from us so widely on first principles. How is it possible to get a man to argue satisfactorily from facts, as long as he disbelieves in his heart in the possibility of possessing *moral certainty* of a supernatural fact,—for this is at the bottom of all, though he does not dare openly to assert it,—and who at all times has the habit of placing moral certainty below mathematical, and the testimony of the senses,* never really considering it as any thing beyond

* It may be objected to us, that good Protestants believe the miracles recorded in the Bible. Without investigating too closely what is the real amount of this belief in the great body of Protestants, and whether this belief would bear the weight of much pressure, or would stand the test of strict examination if withdrawn from the respectable seclusion where it has remained, so to say, shelved in the mind, and if practically inert, at least unquestioned and undisturbed; we are quite willing to concede that sincerely religious Protestants do really believe the miracles of the New Testament, and are not very fond of probing too deeply the credit they give to all those related in the Old Testament, shewing thereby a desire to include them if possible. Still, we maintain that this is but a happy inconsistency. To retain any religion at all, a man must be content to assume something as a first principle; he must perforce accept something to form a basis to his creed; hence it is that the Protestant assumes the truth of the Bible. But this makes nothing against our assertion; in proof of which we have only to point to his attitude of mind as respects the best-attested supernatural facts not recorded in the Bible, and not only such as occurred at remote times, but such as have been witnessed, and are witnessed, by thousands at the present day. What do the ordinary run of even good Protestants feel, for instance, about the miracle of the liquefaction of St. Januarius's blood? Was any amount of human testimony considered sufficient to establish the fact of the movement of the eyes of the Madonna of Rimini? Any other fact but a supernatural one would be considered as more than triumphantly established by the ocular testimony of thousands. We might multiply instances.

With respect to the habit we allude to, of classing moral certainty below mathematical certainty, and that certainty which we irresistibly feel of the objectivity of those things of which our senses take cognisance,—so far from denying it, many, we know, will be prepared to justify it. They will say that mathematical certainty is of a higher order, because it not only proves that a thing *is*, but that it *must be*. To this we reply first, that certainty is certainty; if a thing is *proved to be*, it is as certain as if it were proved to be necessarily. The testimony of the senses, or instance, cannot be proved to be trustworthy. We can give no reason why we are right in referring our sensations and perceptions to something externally existing; and yet persons are equally in the habit of placing this certainty above moral certainty. Secondly, we maintain that moral certainty is always based upon moral principles, which intrinsically are quite as irrefragable as those upon which mathematical truths rest. Both rest on first principles which must be assumed and are indemonstrable. The axioms on which the necessary truths of mathematics are grounded admit of no demonstration, any more than the first moral principles. We maintain that the divine authority of the Catholic Church is certain. The evidence in support of that authority is irrefragable; and the Catholic Church itself, as an existing fact, is inexplicable on any hypothesis that could be invented to explain away this evidence. All those moral principles upon

probability at the highest degree, a probability which is in the case of the supernatural easily outweighed by the, to him, inherent improbability of a supernatural fact, and the special improbability of any which might bear witness to the truth of the holy Catholic Church? But this by the way: let us return to our more immediate subject.

The modern world, previous to the rise of Protestantism, united in one common faith and submission to one common spiritual authority, was formed, constituted, and moulded, so to say, on the Church. Society and civilisation were not only influenced by her, but they were her work; they were, in a manner, herself. The distinction between the spiritual and temporal was not then made or conceived of, as it is now. Not only was the supremacy of the spiritual order confessed, but temporal government and the social relations were spiritualised in their aim and purport. We do not mean that practically they were so always; there was ever a conflict, of course, between the Church and the world; and besides, Europe had to be brought out of a state of barbarism. Kings and their abettors were also, as individuals, often most rebellious against the spiritual order, as they were very frequently also against the moral; but the *idea* of government, the light in which it was regarded, and the principles on which it was commonly conducted, were altogether Catholic and spiritual. Kings had a sacred character in the eyes of their people, because holy Church had poured her oil upon their heads; they were like her first-born and dearly cherished children: and the people, on the other hand, were in the sight of kings the family of Christ like themselves, their younger brethren, over whom they ruled under the eyes of the common Mother of all, the holy Roman Church. Such, at least, we maintain, were the

which the judgments of men are founded must be set aside in order to resist this conclusion. The true explanation of the matter is this: moral certainty is not inferior to any other kind of certainty; but as the will is implicated where moral principles are concerned, *it can be resisted*. A Protestant is always confounding his own feeling of certainty with objective certainty. Not feeling as certain of the claims of the Catholic Church as he does that two and two make four, he thinks they are not as certain, and that he is irresponsible for not being satisfied with the proofs which establish them. His mistake consists in using feeling as the test at all in this case. It is owing to this same erroneous view that the Protestant is in the habit of considering divine faith only as inward persuasion and conviction, a something which enables you to gobble down what would otherwise stick in your throat,—in short, to believe certainly upon uncertain evidence. He does not see that faith is a divine gift, by which man is enabled to believe with a supernatural certainty what he before believed with a natural. Grace is above nature, but it is grounded on our nature. Since man is capable by grace of having divine faith, he must be capable by nature of having human faith, and he is responsible for not having the latter upon moral grounds. It is not that he *cannot* believe, but that he *will not*; or rather he cannot, *because he will not*.

principles universally acknowledged, and in a great measure acted on in Catholic Europe. It results from this that obedience in those days was a spiritual act, being ever paid in intention to God, while yielded to men, and therefore it was not grudged; and thus also all the social relations, with their various rights and duties, were ennobled and glorified by the spiritual element which interpenetrated society.

But then came Protestantism, and attacked the very principle of spiritual authority, by proclaiming the right of private judgment. It was not the intention of its leaders, in the first instance, to deny the supernatural order, or the duty of obedience to civil rulers; but a few considerations will shew, what experience has fully demonstrated, that these were its direct logical consequences. Faith in the supernatural order cannot continue to exist without a co-existing supernatural expounder of that order. If natural reason is to explain supernatural truth, this is virtually to deprive the world of it; for every interpretation implies an adequate knowledge of its subject, and can be nothing but a probable guess where such knowledge does not exist. Much more is this the case where the matter to be interpreted is of a higher order than the agent employed in its interpretation. To explain the truths of revelation, the natural reason, having taken on itself that office, is forced, in order to make them comprehensible to itself, to bring them down to the level of its own nature,—in short, to naturalise them. Thus was the human mind placed on an inclined plane, which led down by an inevitable descent to the depths of scepticism, naturalism, and materialism.

And this chaos in the spiritual order, into which the minds of men were thrown, had necessarily its counterpart in the temporal order. Man has naturally no authority over man. Authority is of God. Thus the soul of all true submission is submission to the spiritual order. When once that was gone, man could retain his authority over man only by force, and such submission as force commands is reluctantly paid. Hence Protestantism was the root of both tyranny and rebellion; and has alternately propped up the most grinding despotism, and fostered the wildest revolutionary principles. And not this only; but all social rights and duties being likewise grounded on the spiritual order, and sanctioned and upheld by its authority, lost their support and their safeguard. Man, no longer reverencing or regarding God in the various relations and conditions of life, felt that nature gave him a claim of strict equality with his fellow-man; hence discontent against all inequalities of wealth, rank, or condition, and rebellion against all social ties, which had lost both their reason for

existence, and their claim upon respect. Socialism and Communism must be the logical results of such a state. The presence of Christianity in the world, and the remnants of it which will still adhere to minds which have cast off its authority, tend even to aggravate the evil. Man cannot forget the lofty aspirations it has raised; the hope of infinite happiness, natural to his heart, which it has fostered and promised to realise; and the sense of the dignity of human nature which its rehabilitation in Christ has excited in him. The notions of liberty, equality, and fraternity which Christianity has introduced remain, but to be frightfully perverted when transplanted from the kingdom of heaven, the Church of God, where they have their true spiritual application, into the mere domain of nature. These exalted ideas, this frenzied determination to be happy, with nothing but the material goods of this perishable world to satisfy an immortal craving, goods too poor to content one single heart if lavished on it alone, but, as things are, parcelled out with what must be deemed most arbitrary and often unjust measure,—all these causes combine to make the danger hanging over society more pressing than it ever could have been in the old pagan world, because they preclude the *resource of slavery*, which we believe to have been an imperative condition of the stability of society, where the hopes of a future state of reward did not comfort the hearts of the poor and teach them resignation, and where the law of divine charity did not reign to infuse compassion into the hearts of the rich.

It may, however, be asked, if such are the clear logical results of Protestantism, why has it taken three hundred years to arrive at them? and how comes it that they have been emphatically denied by so many who, nevertheless, have held firmly the doctrine of private judgment, and that they are indignantly repudiated at the present day by all who are religiously minded among the sectaries? To the former question we reply,—the Protestant principle of free inquiry and private judgment did at once proceed to its logical application; witness Storck and Munzer, the peasant war in Germany, and the excesses of John of Leyden and the Anabaptists. The connection of dogma with practice was much more clearly felt in those days, owing to the intimate relationship which, as it has been remarked, existed in Catholic Europe between the spiritual and temporal order. Error, therefore, in dogma ran at once with frightful rapidity to its political and social consequences. In reply to the second query we observe, that error is death, as we have indeed already remarked; being the denial of absolute truth, which is one and indivisible, it is the denial of what is, and what causes to be—life. To exist, therefore, at

all, and to maintain itself in the form of a religion, it must perforce take back a portion of the truth it has rejected. It is reduced to this inconsistency as the very condition of its existence. Thus Luther having discarded the authority of the vicar of Christ, and beholding the devastating results of the loss of it, was constrained to take authority back in another shape; and so he substituted his own personal authority and that of secular princes for the authority of the Catholic Church which he had thrown off. Protestantism turned like a fury on her own legitimate offspring; and none fulminated more fierce anathemas against the poor deluded peasants he had himself excited, and the miserable fanatics of Munster, who did but carry out his own principles, than the "father of the Reformation." The first Protestants, in fact,—and we recommend this circumstance to the notice of the pretended friends of toleration,—acted against the socialists of their day precisely as they reproach us with having acted against them: they exterminated them in self-defence.

Although Protestantism, however, was thus forced, in order to live, to bolster itself up with distorted fragments of the truth, and although the continued presence of the Church on earth has re-acted indirectly on the separated bodies in keeping up notions of order among them, and other true principles which have retarded that death which logically was implied in Protestantism at its birth, it has not the less kept on steadily its fatal course towards the abyss. Luther having discarded the infallible teaching of the Church, endeavoured to retain her sacramental food and life. He maintained the real presence of Jesus on the altar, not as the Catholic Church teaches it, it is true, but still he did endeavour to maintain that presence, not as a figure but as a reality. Calvin went further; he suppressed this doctrine of love. Luther had denied the communion of intellects with each other and with God, Calvin denied that of hearts. He strove, however, to retain the doctrine of redemption, although coupled with the blasphemous doctrine of absolute election and reprobation, irrespective of works, which, robbing God of His justice and His mercy, broke up all the religious and moral ties which united man with his Maker and with his fellow-men. Still Calvin endeavoured to preserve one doctrine of love, union, mercy, and hope—Jesus dying on the cross for sinners. But Protestantism cannot pause: Socinianism came and denied the divinity of Jesus Christ, inconsistently at first, in that while formally denying His equality with the Father, it still gave Him a kind of divine honour, and while denying the propitiatory virtue of His sacrifice, still asserted that He in some manner

saved the world by His death. Socinians had the same reason for rejecting the incarnation as their predecessors had for rejecting the real presence and transubstantiation. The natural reason cannot comprehend divine mysteries. There was but a short step between denying the consubstantiality of the Son and reducing him to a mere man—a sage come to instruct mankind, and edify them by his example and death. Thus was all union between God and man broken up and destroyed, and a deep blow struck at all the ties and charities of Christian life which grew out of the incarnation and atonement,—a God-man dying for men, and uniting them as one man together in His love. The passage from pure Socinianism to Theism is scarcely perceptible; it as naturally issues in that form as the heresies which preceded it passed into Socinianism. In vain would Protestantism exclaim against being classed with Deism, and endeavour to establish a difference of kind where one of degree only exists. (Deism would likewise protest against being classed with Atheism.) In vain will it urge, that to class a religion which receives and acknowledges the Scriptures, with the unbelief which rejects them, is both unjust and absurd. We would ask, however, what are the Scriptures without the divinity of Jesus Christ, without His redeeming blood, without all the mysteries of the Gospel? What are the Scriptures treated as a mere human record, as Socinians treat them, and interpreted by the natural reason, as they are by every Protestant sect? Error, however, is ever disavowing its consequences; and energetic efforts were made by Protestants to save the Scriptures and the remnants of Christianity, which were fast slipping from their grasp. Hence numerous controversial writings, evidences of the truth of Christianity, and other kindred works, to which Protestants triumphantly point as proofs of their faith and zeal. On, on, however, to the abyss; there is no staying the course of error. Protestantism will and must advance; it must seek its goal and its grave; such is its inevitable fate, the law of its being. Its forlorn-hope, its free-thinkers, do but rush on in front; while all that is good and religious, and therefore inconsistent in the main body, protests against their suicidal madness. But still the mass moves on; it moves by the invincible force of logic, and rejoins its precursors at the brink of that gulf which is utter negation and final destruction.

Philosophism, therefore, into which Protestantism passed, is not separable from it. The latter, in fact, has two phases: one by which it follows up its logic of denial without dogmatizing: this, as we have seen, is its march of death,—this is Philosophism; and one by which it endeavours to save itself

from destruction, and to dogmatise: this is Rationalism. The Rationalism of the Protestant sects exercised itself within the limits of Scripture; by and by Philosophism, which did not naturally dogmatise, perceiving the gulf of materialism and naturalism into which it was sinking, began also to dogmatise. It was rationalistic of course also, but outside instead of within the Scriptures. More, however, of this anon. In the mean time, while discarding doctrine, it endeavoured to retain "the morality of the Gospel," as it was called. We know something of the value of the morality of those philosophers of the eighteenth century, of those pioneers of revolution and social anarchy. It was as hollow and unreal, this profession of the morality of the Gospel, separated from the doctrines of the Gospel, as had been the profession made by the Protestant of faith in Scripture, without the authority and teaching of the Church. However, these philosophers talked loud and furiously of justice, toleration, and humanity. To laud furiously any special virtues is a bad sign: witness the fanaticism with which they preached toleration, while they pursued the Christian religion with implacable hatred; witness their fine phrases about justice and humanity, the oppression of rulers, and the equal rights of man, while they themselves were the most shameless adulators of kings, coupling their heartless cant with the most aristocratic selfishness and contempt of the poor. The French Revolution (chiefly traceable to the poison of their teaching and to the infatuation of kings in following that carnal policy which would supplant the spiritual by the temporal authority) was the natural consequence and commentary upon Philosophism and Gallicanism; and in saying this we say upon Protestantism, for Protestantism was the parent of Philosophism, and Josephism and Gallicanism were nourished by the same spirit which produced Protestantism. The philosophers of the eighteenth century had been far from desiring to carry out their principles to their logical consequences, the overthrow of all civil authority, the downfall of all privileges, the destruction of property, the onslaught upon its rights, and the inauguration of social anarchy. Men of the world, enjoying its good things, fêted by the great, flattered and caressed by princes, they had the common sense of selfishness, and would have recoiled with consternation from the logical and practical application of their principles. They had also the inconsistency of common sense, for when in error it is common sense to be inconsistent and illogical. Voltaire had this common sense pre-eminently. While asserting the natural rights of man to perfect equality in the enjoyment of earthly goods, he maintained that society cannot actually subsist with-

out the grossest inequality, and that the many poor must necessarily be the slaves of the few rich; whilst he counts upon force for preserving this unequal, this arbitrary, and—according to merely natural principles, such as he would alone admit, which take cognisance of this world only, and put God and a future state out of the question—unjust distribution. “The powerful,” he comforts himself with observing, “have money, and money is master of every thing.”

Detestable as are Voltaire's conservative arguments, they are, as we have observed, the arguments of selfish common sense. The Church of God alone can solve the social problem; she herself is the solution of it. Society and the Church give a mutual testimony to each other. Reject the Church and her teaching, and you have but the alternative of Voltaire's revolting argument of brute force against natural rights, or you must logically proceed to accept all the monstrous absurdities of Socialism. And there was one of the infidel philosophers of the eighteenth century who was fully prepared to do so, in theory at least. Rousseau, of whom it will at once be seen that we mean to speak, has for this reason (his uncompromising logic, which as applied to error is, as we have noticed, folly and absurdity) exercised a far wider influence than Voltaire. Voltaire and his impieties are in fact completely set aside; but Rousseau's philosophy, after inspiring the horrors of the French Revolution, is still the text-book of modern socialists. Rousseau boldly traced all evils to society. Men were naturally good and happy while living, as he pretends they lived at first, wild in the woods, and having all things in common like the beasts of the field. The first man who enclosed a plot of ground and said, “This is mine,” laid the foundations of society and of human misery. “The fruits of the earth,” says Rousseau, “belong to all, and the soil to none.”

Society having been the result of a compact which has led to nothing but misery and vice, what, then, was more obvious than to dissolve that compact, and return to freedom and happiness? Of these two solutions of the social question, considered by the mere light of natural reason, that which had the advantage of logical consistency, and possessed, therefore, the forward impulse, kept the field, as might be expected, and pushed on along the fatal path, on which Luther first led the way.

And here let us pause a moment to reconsider the connection between Protestantism and Socialism, through Naturalism. That Naturalism forms the basis of Socialism is self-evident. If you shut out from man the expansion of his faculties in the

supernatural order, you must throw open the natural; if you close heaven to him, you must give him up the earth. And since, do what you will, man has still a spiritual and immortal soul with its insatiable and infinite longings, you are after all attempting an impossibility: the whole earth could not satisfy him; much less, then, will he rest contented with the inequalities which spring from the social state. Why should one man live in a condition of grinding poverty, lacking necessities, while another revels in the redundancy of material comforts and luxuries? Have not all an equal title to happiness, of which they carry the imperishable instinct in their bosoms? Socialism and Communism present themselves as no unreasonable remedy for the material evils under which the great body of the people groan. Say that the proposed remedy will upset society and all notions of order and justice. What, it may be replied, regarding things only from a natural point of view, can be more unjust than society itself? It is an organised state of disorder, perverting all true ideas of justice and of order. There is no reply to this on the ground of Naturalism. Political economy, a science unknown and unneeded while society reposed on faith, and faith rested on God's infallible word revealed to His holy Church,—political economy, that modern device to fill up a gap which unbelief had made, and answer questions to which earth and earthly science can give no reply, may tax its powers in vain to find the law of equilibrium between man's wants and his desires. Rousseau cuts the matter short by declaring that "man in a state of nature, *when he has dined*, is at peace with all nature, and the friend of all his fellow-creatures." But can political economists find the means of securing to each man even a sufficient daily dinner, given society as it is constituted, and under the conditions which it must ever tend to assume? And granting that they could, will a man be content with a sufficient dinner while he sees others who enjoy the further privilege of over-eating themselves? O miserable pride of human reason! How has it reduced man, who would be wise by his own powers, to level himself voluntarily with the brute creation!

Protestantism is the parent of Naturalism. By destroying the basis of authority, it gave up such truths as it endeavoured to retain to the free investigation of man's natural reason. These truths, taken out of their connexion with other truths wherewith they formed an harmonious whole, and unsupported by the rock on which they had rested, broke down under their own weight, and were destroyed piecemeal by that process of rationalistic scrutiny whose property it is to absorb the supernatural and leave but an empty form in its place. We might

trace this process in the case of every one of those Christian truths which the Reformation spared, and would fain have adopted. As an instance, take the doctrine of original sin; a doctrine which had for its support not only the clear authority of revelation, but the tradition of the whole human race. It was, however, one of the peculiarities of Protestantism to break with the latter as well as the former, for the latter had been taken up, perfected, completed, and therefore, as it were, superseded by the divine and infallible tradition of the Church; and Protestantism, in cutting itself off from the Church, cut itself off, by consequence, from all tradition, and set up afresh on its own account with its heterogeneous mass of borrowed goods.

This dogma of original sin is the co-relative of the doctrine of redemption. It is the starting-point of Christianity, of which redemption is the term. These two doctrines are so intimately connected, that you cannot touch one without affecting the other, and without destroying the just balance of religious truth, and with it, of human society. But now observe the fearful oscillations of this doctrine in the hands of human reason, ere it utterly foundered in the sea of negation and unbelief. Luther immoderately exaggerated it. Zuinglius as inordinately diminished it. Then came Calvin, who out-did Luther, impiously making God responsible for evil; and Socinus, who carried on to further excess the error of Zuinglius, and denied original sin altogether. The doctrine of redemption underwent corresponding vicissitudes, till finally both perished in the common wreck. Philosophism, finding the ground free, asserted by the voice of Rousseau that man is "born good." If so, how is it, then, that he has become depraved? Society has perverted him. Must society, then, be destroyed and re-constituted? "Yes," boldly answers Louis Blanc, who does but carry on Rousseau's principles; and "yes," fearfully respond thousands of voices, voices of hungry men, hungry with that fierce hunger with which man craves for earthly and natural goods when his heavenly food and heavenly hopes have been taken from him; that fierce hunger with which he longs for that which cannot fill him, when he has lost his God Who alone can satisfy him. And a voice more blasphemous still is raised against Him who made man; for man himself must be bad if society is bad, since society is but an aggregation of men--thus tracing evil back to the infinite Source of good.* But we are anticipating.

Philosophism, we have seen, led to revolution and the

* All Louis Blanc, as M. Nicolas observes, is contained in Rousseau, and all Voltaire in Proudhon.

overthrow of the social order, as Protestantism had prepared the way for Philosophism. If the Revolution of '89 did not inaugurate Socialism, it was because time was wanting to it. The principle upon which the confiscation of the property of the Church and of the nobility was carried out, might have been applied, and would undoubtedly have been applied, to all property before long. The keen eye of Burke perceived and foretold this danger. As it was, the sacrifice of ecclesiastical and aristocratic property protected, for the present, that of the *bourgeoisie*; but can it be supposed that those who had swept away immemorial and consecrated rights would have respected for very long the titles of a mere monied class—a class who atoned by no public service, by no charitable self-sacrifice, by no glorious souvenirs, for the possession of privileges unshared by the great body of their fellow-countrymen? But it pleased Providence to raise up at that juncture, as M. Nicolas expresses it, “one of those gauntlets of iron of which it makes use when it wills to arrest society as it is sinking to its fall, or fallen to replace it on its basis.”

M. Nicolas traces the progress of Philosophism and Socialism in France; and in doing so, he is evidently guided not by the mere fact of being himself a Frenchman, but because it has ever been the peculiarity of the French nation to exhibit, as it were, in epitome what is going on throughout the whole European commonwealth on a more diffused scale, at a slower pace, with less striking characteristics, and therefore in a less appreciable manner. This peculiarity is not, we believe, to be considered such matter of reproach as the pride of Protestant England would fain consider it. France is, notwithstanding, profoundly Catholic. Heresy has never been able to take any permanent root in her. There is something in the French mind which makes it follow up propositions to their ultimate conclusions with such rapidity that it cannot stop short at heresy, and if embarked on the road of error it runs on at once to unbelief; but as the human mind cannot acquiesce for long in the total loss of God, a correcting reaction takes place, of which the Church takes advantage to win back souls to herself. Moreover, it is remarkable that error does not commonly originate in France, though she takes on herself the early practical exhibition of its latent consequences. Free-thinking was imported in the last century from England and Holland; the Rationalism and Pantheism of the present century are of German origin. Children of holy Church, having our true *patria* above, we are not constrained to prove our patriotism by depreciating our neighbours. Our love for our earthly country is, or ought to be, after the pattern of St. Paul's for

his Jewish brethren. It shews not itself in jealousy for its worldly honour and pre-eminence, but in a burning desire for its spiritual good; we love it in God and for God, and that it may come to God. As for France, we not only wish her well, but we love her, and uncatholic indeed must that heart be that loves her not; for if she has given practical lessons of the poisonous nature of error, where is the nation that has given such practical examples of Christian heroism, Christian love, and Christian self-sacrifice?

The breathing time, as it were, which intervened between the restoration of the Church and social order by Napoleon and the socialistic outbreak of 1848, saw a further advance of Philosophism on the path of error; happily the Church was making silent advances and achieving quiet victories to meet the fresh monster-error, the climax of all errors, Pantheism. It would be very interesting, but our space utterly forbids it, to follow the chain of error and mark its connecting links; as it is, a few observations must suffice. Naturalism is utterly repugnant to man's mind, who feels an indestructible desire within him for connexion with the Infinite. Philosophism seeing, therefore, the conclusion in which it had landed, and the gulf of naturalism and materialism into which it must necessarily plunge, cast about for some half-truth wherewith to prolong life. It proceeded to manufacture a religion after its fashion, and to dogmatise. We can but allude to some of the more leading schools. Eclecticism, a name synonymous with that of heresy, implying, like it, an act of choice and selection, asserts that, since there is a portion of truth contained in every error, reason has only to exercise the office of separating these portions of truth from their false alloy, and re-unite them in a harmonious whole, in order to become possessed of pure truth. A little later it occurred to these same philosophers, that ability to make this selection implied the possession of truth already. How can truth be discerned from error, unless we already know what truth is? Philosophism now took refuge in syncretism. Suppose, it was said, that after all there were no such thing as errors, strictly speaking, and that what have been so called are but incomplete truths. Accept them all, re-unite them all, and you possess truth. It follows from this, that all errors are good in their place and time, and that error is the form of truth, as it were, in history. From this apology for all errors, the step was short to an apology for all actions, all events, and the legitimation of all success. Every victory, however apparently unjust, is a progress, and the victorious side ought always to possess our sympathies; every thing is just in this world, since it is humanity that does

it. We are not conjecturing, we are not inventing. These things have been taught, and our readers will have no difficulty in calling to mind recent historical works openly avowing principles of this kind.*

The spirit of error had thus successively denied the Church, Jesus Christ, God, the soul, and truth; it had then added all these negations together in one dreadful affirmation, which legitimatised all the excesses of human reason: what remained but to divinise it?

Pantheism is the gulf into which the human mind has ever fallen when left to its own guidance, and unenlightened by revelation. Pantheism, either materialistic or idealistic, reigned throughout the heathen world before the coming of Christ: materialistic (that is, absorbing the Infinite in the finite) in the West, as we see it in the ancient Greco-Roman world; idealistic (that is, absorbing the finite in the Infinite) in the regions of the East, as we behold it in Brahminism and Buddhism: thus making every thing God, or God every thing.

Finite man feels that he cannot subsist without the Infinite, for which, in fact, he was made. He is constantly, therefore, endeavouring to solve the problem of his own existence, of that of God, and the relations between them. Revelation alone can solve this problem, for man cannot invent or discover truth for himself. The God who made him can alone explain to him the mystery of his own being, and that highest of mysteries, that mystery unapproachable by human reason, the ineffable being of the self-existing One; and He only can make known the relations between the Creator and His creature man, which relations cannot be grasped where the former truths are not known or are erroneously conceived of.

God, who is the necessary principle of all that exists, so that every thing is of and by Him, is nevertheless distinct from His creation. Nothing is God save God Himself. His sole *necessary* relations are within Himself. His society is within Himself in the union of three persons in one nature. The first error into which mankind universally fell, when it corrupted the primitive tradition, respected the dogma of creation. This is the starting-point of error, the consequence of which is to suppose necessary relations to subsist between God and finite things. For man desiring intensely union with God, and losing sight of the truths of revelation, figures to himself this union according to the ideas of his own carnal mind. Now along with the true doctrine of creation men lost sight also of the covenant and alliance made between God and man, of His promise of union with them, which He was to accom-

* Lamartine's *History of the Girondists*, for instance.

plish in His own way and at His own appointed time. This alliance was nothing less than the incarnation of the Second Person of the Blessed Trinity, God Himself taking human nature into personal union with Himself, yet so as the two natures, the divine and the human, remain perfectly distinct. Here was the problem solved of union, and the closest of unions, without confusion, the Infinite and the finite united without absorption of either in the other. All mysteries are but the developments of this mystery. It is not *a* truth only, but emphatically *the* truth. It is pre-eminently the social dogma; for the finite not sufficing to itself, and requiring the Infinite as the term, development, and object of its existence, Naturalism, as we have already pointed out, is morally and socially impossible. If, however, in connecting the finite with the Infinite, you do not, by maintaining perfect distinction, preserve liberty, which is the spring of our moral and intellectual being, man becomes the victim of fatalism; responsibility perishes along with liberty, and with it the distinction between good and evil. The passions are divinised, all right and all duty disappear, and Pantheism, which is a species of communism between the finite and the Infinite, leads logically to communism among all that is finite.

We could easily justify these assertions at length, if space permitted it. For how can rights continue to exist where individualities are absorbed and disappear? The first of all properties is the possession of our own personality. What can remain when that is effaced? And as for duty, how can that exist when free-will is annihilated? nay, right and wrong, the very foundation of duty, are done away with; for according to Pantheism, we are necessarily, fatally, and divinely what we are. The little estimation in which the rights of individuals, and of whole portions of the human race were held in the ancient world, might be pointed out in proof of all this, as well as the glorification and apotheosis of the passions, and the belief in fatalism so prevalent among the heathen of old. If society was preserved from total anarchy, it was, as we have already observed, at the expense of the cruel slavery and degradation of the great body of the human race. It could not have subsisted a day without it.

It is needless to dwell upon the change introduced by Christianity into the social and moral state of the world. But what is Christianity? It is all comprised in the mystery of the incarnation, God made man. The doctrine of the Blessed Trinity is implied in this doctrine of the incarnation, which is but the Blessed Trinity coming out of Itself, so to say, for the salvation of the world. The incarnation shews us

the Father reconciling the world to Himself in the person of the Son; and the Church shews us the Son converting the world to this reconciliation by the Holy Spirit. It is not surprising then, since all truth is contained in this doctrine, that it should have been the object of attack to *all* heresies, whatever their starting-point may have been. They have ever either begun with attacking the mysteries of the incarnation and Trinity, or ended by doing so; and they have always issued in Pantheism, fatalism, and communism; and have, therefore, been anti-social as well as anti-Catholic. M. Nicolas proves this both logically and historically. He shews why such must have been their real tendency, and that it actually was their result. We have no space to follow him into the details of this interesting examination, not even as respects Protestantism, our more immediate subject. Protestantism is but the epitome of all heresies, and of course forms no exception to the general rule. We have seen how it actually developed into Pantheism through Philosophism; but it must also be remembered that Protestantism, not Philosophism, had the honour of evolving the monster climax of heresy—Pantheism. The rationalistic Protestants of Germany metaphysically deduced it from their principles, which principles had been themselves evolved from those of the “reformers.” We refer our readers to M. Nicolas’s pages for this study. It may be expected that we should point out some peculiar doctrinal error in Protestantism which had its logical term in Pantheism. But we must remind our readers that Protestantism, taken collectively, has no special error of its own. Its peculiarity is, that it raises the standard of revolt against spiritual authority, and thus opens the door to every heresy by giving up all truth to be tried at the bar of human reason, and accepted or rejected by private judgment. It was, as we have shewn, by its doctrine of free inquiry that it arrived at Naturalism, the recoil from which precipitated the human mind into Pantheism; however, there was also a direct tendency of Protestantism at its very outset in that direction. Luther adopted from the beginning the error contained in a book entitled *German Theology*, which may be summed up in this assertion—That God is every thing, and that every thing which is not God is nothing. The finite contains two elements: *being*, which is essentially divine and good; and the *will*, which is nothing inasmuch as it is bad, and bad inasmuch as it is nothing. The will is not being; therefore the will is in itself bad. It must be combated and stifled, that it may no longer be any thing but the blind instrument of God, manifesting His divine perfections; which annihilates man while divinising him. This idea was reproduced in Lutheranism under this

doctrinal form:—Original sin has utterly corrupted human nature, wherefore man is born in complete bondage. What he does of good or of evil is not his work; it is God's work. Faith alone justifies, and justifies whatever his works may be. Hence of what avail are the hierarchy and the priesthood, prayer, fasting, good deeds, and the discipline of the soul? Every Christian is his own priest, and administers salvation to himself by simply believing in the forgiveness of God. It is a remarkable fact, that Zuinglius, starting from the opposite assertion, that human nature had not been injured by original sin, arrived also at fatalism and Pantheism. It is the Church alone, the depositary of God's truth, that can resolve the relations between man's free will and grace. Outside of her teaching it is a universal stumbling-block. Zuinglius then makes God the first principle of evil, since man came out of his Maker's hands such as he is; God thus revealing who are those whom He has predestined to damnation. Calvin proceeded to a more monstrous length than Luther. The latter had asserted that, by the effects of original sin, man was necessitated to commit evil. The former taught that God, in order that He might have just motives for hatred and punishment, necessitated even the fall of the first man; and that He also puts those whom He designs to reprobate under the necessity of adding their own sins to the guilt of original sin, blinding them to good and exciting them to evil.

Thus Protestantism, while on the one hand it proclaimed free inquiry, on the other annihilated free-will. By the latter it denied man, by the former it arrived at denying God! Pantheism, Naturalism: these are the terms to which Protestantism leads. Both legitimatise and sanction the passions, and both find their practical application in Socialism and Communism. And now, if it be asked why Pantheism is to be regarded as the monster error, surpassing even Naturalism in wickedness, and more dangerous both to religion and to society, the reply is obvious. The human mind recoiling from Naturalism, there is a hope that it may be led, from a sight of the frightful void to which unbelief has conducted, to return to the truth of God and to His Church, which can alone satisfy the immense desires of the heart of man. But Pantheism professes to fill this void, and to give wherewithal to feed this desire of the heart for communion with the Infinite, while it flatters its pride and all its evil passions by the apotheosis of humanity. Doubtless, as M. Nicolas observes, a man who does not believe either in God or in a judgment to come is a dangerous man; but he who adds to this the monstrous belief that he is himself God, the sovereign and absolute judge of

all that exists, is a madman who ought to be chained up. Now Pantheism makes this assertion. Humanity is the manifestation of God, and the progressive manifestation; so that each fresh generation is a higher and a more perfect development of Divinity. The destructive power of such a doctrine in annihilating all morality, all indignation at crime, all justice, all compassion even, and every human feeling, is not to be estimated. It attacks society "with all the boldness of a folly which believes itself to be divine wisdom, and with a brutal force which believes itself invested with right divine, rousing the most savage passions, unchaining them, and hurling them against the world as the thunders of its divinity." We have arrived here at the climax of all evil. "This is hell, and hell arming itself with the power of heaven to ravage earth."

There is but one power in the world able to resist this gigantic evil, which threatens human society with utter destruction; there is but one safe harbour of refuge from the gathering storm, or rather the storm which has gathered and is ready to burst at every moment; there is but one potent voice that can allay the tempest. Need we say this one power is that kingdom which God has set up on earth; that that refuge is the bosom of the Catholic Church; that that powerful voice is the voice of her who speaks with the authority of Him who could say to the winds and the waves "Be still," and there was a great calm? Civil society cannot defend itself against Socialism in its might, for it has but the argument of Voltaire, force and money; and for how long may these remain securely in its hands? Protestantism cannot defend itself, for it is based on the very principles of which this Pantheistic Socialism is the development; and the religious truths it would still desire to retain have no basis at all,—they are an inverted pyramid, they rest upon a point. Conservative Rationalism cannot defend itself; for it possesses no truth whatsoever to oppose to the one truth, severed indeed from all which gives it its real value, but still in itself a truth, though a distorted truth, a truth which constitutes the overpowering might of Socialism—the title of man to happiness. Rationalism has been able to teach man to disbelieve in a future life, but it cannot make him unlearn his vocation to happiness, which, with a terrible fury, he seeks to obtain from material enjoyments denied him by the constitution of human society. Christianity alone possessing truth, can defend both itself and society; and let it be remembered that in saying *Christianity* we say *the Church*. All we have said justifies, not the deposit of truth alone, but the depositary; since severed from that depositary, Christian truth has never been

preserved in its integrity; nay, such fragments as have been retained have crumbled away and dissolved, and along with them the very principles both of civilisation and of society.

And if such be the case, what must be the infatuation of Protestant England and of her Protestant government at the present moment? Fain would they, if they could, destroy and extirpate that Church which is England's one hope of salvation in the dangers which threaten her, but to which the national pride is so obstinately blind; and not being able to extirpate, they are bending their whole energies to thwart her influence, shackle her power, impede her progress, and persecute her children.

M. Nicolas concludes by a comparison of Protestantism with Catholicity in its relations with civilisation, which may be regarded as a kind of supplement to Balmes's highly-esteemed work on that subject. Our space, however, will not allow us to enter on these chapters, which, indeed, are of a more popular character than the rest of the work, and need no analysis. We strongly recommend the whole of M. Nicolas's able and opportune work to the attention of the more thoughtful and studious of our readers.

OUR ANTIPODES.

Our Antipodes; or, Residence and Rambles in the Australasian Colonies, with a Glimpse of the Gold Fields. By Lieut.-Colonel Godfrey Charles Mundy. London, Bentley.

THERE is no country in the world which is regarded at the present time with such general interest by the great majority of Englishmen as Australia. Not the unexplored mysteries of the northern seas, not the vast inaccessible icy continent of the Antarctic Ocean, not the unknown regions of Central Africa, excite nearly the same degree of curiosity as the extraordinary land of which these volumes give an account. The geographer, the naturalist, the merchant, the ship-owner, the capitalist, can talk and think of nothing but Australia. There is one grand panacea for broken fortunes, broken health, poverty, want of employment,—in fine, for all the ills to which man is heir, and that is emigration to Australia. The first paragraph in his daily newspaper to which the trembling and selfish *millionaire* turns his eye, is that which specifies the number of tons of gold registered by the latest returns from the diggings. The

manufacturers are at their wits' end to supply the orders for goods wanted in Australia. The naturalist is every now and then thrown into raptures by accounts of some wonderful plant whose roots are where its branches ought to be, some moon-dropped "marsupial" with its head at the wrong end of its body, or very possibly with no head at all. In fine, Australia, and nothing but Australia, is the table-talk of the day. It is no use for any one to try his conversational powers to amuse if he is not "up" in Australia. Willing or unwilling, he is dragged into the subject, and there he is kept till, perhaps, he becomes well-nigh weary of the very name.

Such being the case, the interesting work before us will no doubt be extensively read, as being one of the best *general* accounts of the country which has yet been published. The writer has, indeed, no pretensions to be a scientific man, a deficiency which is certainly much to be regretted; but he is an intelligent observer of men and manners, and is thus enabled to describe truthfully and minutely those features of every-day life in Australia which are far more interesting to ordinary readers. He has also the merit, and it is a considerable one, of not attempting what he does not understand. He knows a rose from a cabbage, and a parrot from a crow; but he tells you openly and honestly that he is "not a scholar," and that he cannot give much technical information on natural history. Nevertheless, his descriptions both of scenery and natural phenomena are often very graphic, and sometimes not unworthy of a Humboldt. He can appreciate both the wonders and the beauties of nature; and as an observer and admirer of them, he does not fail to record what he sees with an accuracy and a particularity which leave the naturalist but little to desire. In a word, physical features always arrest his attention, and he always takes pains to describe them. More than this we have no right to expect from a soldier and a man of the world. His style is always elegant and amusing, not unfrequently marked by an original wit, which books of travels do not often exhibit. Above all, he is a man of sense, shrewdness, and gentlemanly mind, entirely free from pedantry or affectation, and far less prejudiced, on the whole, than some casual remarks in the first volume of the work had led us to expect.

The reader is probably already aware that the society, or to speak more generally, the inhabitants of Australia may pretty accurately be included under three heads, viz. *natives*, *convicts*, and *squatters*. The latter is the recognised term for the settlers or farmers, chiefly graziers, who occupy lands allotted to them by Government in the more favourable

sites hitherto explored. Of the first of these our author gives many details of melancholy interest : their cannibalism, irretrievable barbarism, their gradual disappearance before their far more brutal conquerors, the white men, boasting an Anglo-Saxon descent ; and the hopelessness of all attempts hitherto made by the (Protestant) missionaries to convert them to any knowledge or belief in Christianity. Their personal appearance is thus described :

“ Although ugly according to European appreciation, the countenance of the Australian is not always unpleasing. Some of the young men I thought rather well-looking, having large and long eyes with thick lashes, and a pleasant frank smile. Their hair I take to be naturally fine and long ; but from dirt, neglect, and grease, every man's head is like a huge black mop. Their beards are unusually black and bushy. I have seen one or two domesticated aborigines whose crops were remarkably beautiful, parted naturally at the top of the head, and hanging on the neck in shining curls. The skin, however, is so perfectly sable, the lips so thick, and the nose so flat, as to qualify the Australian black for the title of the Australian negro. The gait of the Australian is peculiarly manly and graceful ; his head thrown back, his step firm ; in form and carriage, at least, he looks creation's lord,

‘ erect and tall,
God-like erect, in native honour clad.’

“ If our first parent dwelt in Mesopotamia, and his colour accorded with the climate, his complexion must have more resembled the Australian's than our own.* In the action and ‘ station ’ of the black there is none of the slouch, the stoop, the tottering shamble, incident all upon the straps, the braces, the high heels and pinched toes of the patrician, and the clouted soles of the clodpole white man.”

The iniquitous and worse than heathen extermination of these rightful possessors of the soil ought to bring a blush to every English cheek.

“ In the same year a friend of mine connected with the colony, who had recently returned from a trip to the far west for the purpose

* That Adam was a black man is now the theory generally received among ethnologists, since the analogy of nature proves (independently of climatic considerations) that the transition, according to the laws of “ variety,” is from black to white in most animals, but not conversely. The most recent researches also fully confirm the traditional belief, that the human race originally inhabited the table-lands of Armenia. The garden of Eden was in all probability the immediate neighbourhood of the Caspian Sea. The four rivers spoken of in Scripture are believed to have comprised an area of vast extent, and to have been the Euphrates, the Tigris, the Oxus, and the Rha or Wolga (Dr. Donaldson's *Varronianus*, p. 56, ed. 2d). Whence the Australasian variety of mankind, which is distinct from every other, first made its appearance on the vast continent it now inhabits, is unknown, and very difficult even to speculate upon. The New Zealanders are decidedly Malayan in their physical characteristics ; and the Australian race is generally regarded as a sub-variety of this family.—ED.

of catching up and driving in for sale at Sydney a lot of horses, informed me that, while sojourning among the border settlers, he heard plans for the destruction of the aborigines constantly and openly discussed. It was common, after an inroad of the blacks upon the sheep or cattle, for the men of two or three adjoining stations to assemble for a regular and indiscriminate slaughter, in which old and young were shot down, as he said, like wolves; pregnant women being especial objects of destruction, as the polecat or weasel heavy with young is a rich prize for the English gamekeeper.

“Occasionally bush-gossip let out that the ‘black fellows were going to get a dose;’ and, indeed, in more than one notorious instance, damper well ‘hocussed’ with arsenic or strychnine was laid in the way of the savages, whereby many were killed. Some attempts were made to bring to justice the perpetrators of this cowardly as well as barbarous act; but in the bush, justice is too often deaf, dumb, and lame as well as blind. The damper, indeed, was analysed, and poison detected therein; but, of course, no white evidence could be obtained; aboriginal testimony is, by the law of the land, inadmissible; the bodies of the poisoned were too far decomposed for a lucid diagnosis; and, in short, these deliberate murderers escaped the cord: others, however, have been less lucky.

“About nine years ago a party of stockmen on Liverpool Plains, having had their herds much molested by the natives, determined on signal vengeance, and resolved to wreak it on the first blacks they met. Having fallen in with the remnants of a tribe, which, having been partially domesticated with Europeans, made no attempt at escape, they captured the whole of them, with the exception of a child or two; and having bound them together with thongs, fired into the mass until the entire tribe, twenty-seven in number, were killed or mortally wounded. The white savages then chopped in pieces their victims, and threw them, some yet living, on a large fire; a detachment of the stockmen remaining for several days on the spot to complete the destruction of the bodies.

“In this case the law was sternly vindicated; for the murderers having been arrested and brought to trial, seven out of them in one day expiated their offences on the scaffold. This wholesale execution of white men for the murder of blacks, at a time when hanging had become an unfrequent event, caused a great commotion among the white population, high and low—‘judicial murder’ being one of the mildest terms applied to the transaction.”

One of the extraordinary features of Australian society—that we may leave the blacks and return to the cities of European settlers—reminds us forcibly of the state of ancient Rome as described by Juvenal, when the proud and wealthy freedman elbowed the poor patrician, and the barber or even the foreign slave possessed more villas than the combined fortunes of half the *Trojugenæ* could command. The author writes on this subject as follows:

"That the society of Sydney is cut up into parties and cliques, the frontiers of which are not the less arbitrary because they are not very apparent, is a truism which applies quite as justly to any other community without an hereditary aristocracy : I shall say no more, therefore, on that head. The remark is not more applicable to Sydney than to Liverpool, New York, Montreal, Calcutta, and by this time, I dare say, to the capital of the Auckland Islands, whatever its name may be.

"There is one grand feature of the social status of Sydney, however, which is almost exclusively peculiar to itself,—I mean the convict infusion. A person newly arrived here feels no little curiosity, perhaps some little uneasiness, on the subject of the degree of influence exerted on the social system by the numerous body of affluent emancipists, which the lapse of time, and their own amended characters, have formed in the community. It seems almost incredible that, living in the very midst of this community—in many cases in equal and even superior style to what may be called the aristocracy, possessing some of the handsomest residences in the city and suburbs, warehouses, counting-houses, banking establishments, shipping, immense tracts of land, flocks and herds, enjoying all the political and material immunities in common with those possessing equal fortunes of the more reputable classes,—they are, nevertheless, a class apart from the untainted. There is a line of moral demarcation by them peremptorily impassable. The impudent and pushing, and these are few, are repelled. The unobtrusive and retiring are not encouraged. Their place on the social scale is assigned and circumscribed. They have, humanly speaking, expiated their crimes ; whatever these may have been, the nature of them has, probably, never passed beyond the records of the superintendent's office. They belong indeed to the common flock, but they are the black sheep of it. They are treated with humanity and consideration, but in a certain degree they are compelled to herd together. The merchants and men of business generally meet them on equal terms in the negotiation of affairs in which their wealth, intelligence, and commercial weight sometimes necessarily involve them. They do not presume on this partial admission to equality, but fall back into their prescribed position when the business which has called the two orders into temporary contact has been completed. Official juxtaposition does not bring with it any plea for social intimacy.

"The strong common sense and right feeling of our fellow-countrymen seem to have at once, and without hesitation, adjusted this difficult domestic question quietly, firmly, and irrevocably ; no cruelty or undue assumption of superiority on the one part, no fruitless resistance on the other. The barrier is complete." * *

"A convict, *eo nomine*, is seldom mentioned in New South Wales. He is a 'prisoner of the crown,' an 'old hand,' a 'government man,' or he was 'sent out.' This tenderness of expression, it will readily be believed, is practised not so much for the benefit of the actual offenders as for that of their innocent descendants,—sufferers for the

sins of their fathers ; moral bastards, whose position is certainly deserving of all consideration from those more happily born. 'In all mixed society,' says Bulwer, 'certain topics are proscribed.' It is needless to particularise the forbidden topics of New South Wales general society." * * *

"A party of some thirty-five ladies and gentlemen from Bathurst and the neighbourhood dined at Brucedale this day, to meet the Governor ; and about forty more came to a dance in the evening. During the dinner I found myself very assiduously waited upon by a servant belonging to a gentleman present. His face was familiar to me ; but where, when, or how we had met before, I had no recollection. During the noise and bustle occasioned by the ball, he drew near me, and, whispering, said, 'Don't you know me, sir ? Don't you remember James ——— ? I was six years in your company in the 43d.'

"I immediately recalled to mind that this man had been transported *for life*, by a general court-martial, for deserting from the regiment at Niagara during the Canadian rebellion in 1838. In 1846, I (the deputy judge-advocate, as it happened, of the court which tried him) find the disgraced and dishonoured soldier, who was 'marked with the letter D, and transported as a felon for the term of his natural life,' now the trusted, well-paid, and well-fed domestic servant of a wealthy colonist !

"Is not this fact a direct premium for 'mutiny, desertion, and all other crimes' for which transportation is awarded by a military tribunal ? How this fellow and felon must chuckle over the loyal soldier who toils through the world, following his colours, for 1s. a day ; while *he* gets his 20*l.* or 30*l.* a year, food, and lodgings, and can go where he lists over this wide continent,—to which thousands of the poor and honest labourers of England would joyfully repair, could they afford the cost of passage and outfit, both of which were furnished to this criminal at the public expense ! Reformation, I admit, is one of the intended results—the best, perhaps—of transportation ; but example is also requisite ; and unquestionably this man's improved condition by 'desertion before the enemy' (for American 'sympathisers' were the worst enemies a soldier could have to deal with) is a somewhat dangerous fact for discussion in a barrack-room, when duties happen to be heavy or officers severe. Mr. Deserter was very much inclined for conversation with his former captain ; but I told him that, as an officer in her majesty's service, I could hold no communication with one who had forsaken his colours and broken his oath."

While on the subject of convicts, that class of desperadoes known and feared as "bushrangers" must not be passed over without a word. They are, as the name implies, a wild and wandering horde, familiar with murder, robbery, and every crime that can blacken the heart and deaden the conscience of man ; the terror of the farmer and the traveller ; for, expect-

ing no mercy themselves, they seldom shew it to others. They are outcasts, at enmity with their fellow-creatures, and only to be got rid of by merciless extermination, like the poor emu and kangaroo of the plains.

“ ‘For the benefit of country gentlemen,’ it may be well to give at this place a definition of the term Bushranger. This cannot be more concisely done than in the words of the Act of Council passed for the suppression of such criminals, entitled “an act to facilitate the apprehension of transported felons and offenders illegally at large, and of persons found with arms and suspected to be robbers.’ He is, in short, a runaway convict, desperate, hopeless, fearless; rendered so, perhaps, by the tyranny of a gaoler, of an overseer, or of a master to whom he has been assigned. In colonial phrase, ‘he takes to the bush.’

“I well remember the confused notions I had in early boyhood somehow imbibed regarding these people. Devouring with more appetite than discrimination all books of travel and adventure, real or fictitious, and making a geographical hash of the Cape of Good Hope and Botany Bay, bushrangers, bushmen, and boschmen were in my eyes one class, namely, armed savages, pillaging and preying upon the white settlers; and the bush in which they ranged was a facsimile of the gooseberry and currant beds at home, only of wider extent. I wonder if children of the present day have any clearer view of a subject which interests them and their teachers so very remotely!

“The character of the Australian bushranger of former days was invested with something of the dignity accorded to the terrible buccaneer of the American coasts, the gallant Caballero del Camino of Castile and Mexico; nay even of that ballet-and-tableau-and-fancy-ball-darling, the silver-buttoned, ribboned, and gartered bandit of the Apennines. His business was so profitable that, like some of the more elevated highwaymen of the old country and olden times (when to ride over Hounslow Heath or Finchley Common after dusk was to be robbed), the bushranger of mark and likelihood could occasionally afford to be magnanimous. Not that magnanimity was his generic peculiarity. If generosity and humanity were not the leading attributes of the old English robber, who sometimes wore a bag-wig and steel buttons on his velvet coat, it becomes a logical consequence that the doubly-distilled desperado of Botany Bay was not the man to do much to raise the character of the trade. In the present days, at any rate, there is nothing of the romantic or chivalrous in the annals of Australian bush-ranging. The modern newspapers, on the contrary, teem with petty and cowardly robberies of the poor and the old and the defenceless; hard-working operatives cruelly beaten and robbed of every copper, and every rag of clothing; half-drunken pedlars with gutted packs and ham-strung horses; or some helpless, feckless old woman rifled and rumpled, and left with her ‘petticoats cut all round about,’ and without a glimmering in the world how, or by whom, or when, where, or why it all happened.”

The position of the more wealthy "squatters," many of whom are, in the literal sense, "monarchs of all they survey," appears to be by no means unenviable. They have not, indeed, much society, but they have wealth and influence scarcely inferior to that of the old feudal barons in the mother country. They count their flocks by thousands, their herds by hundreds, their pastures by square miles, their mountain and their bush, we might almost say, by provinces. It is in speaking of this class, however, that our author betrays his weak point—the exaggerated opinion he entertains of the cleverness, the resources, the ubiquity, and the all-but omnipotence of his countrymen. No American could be more deeply impressed with the conviction of his national superiority than is Colonel Mundy with the firm persuasion that "the Britisher" either rules or will rule the destinies of the known world. He is filled with wonder and delight at discovering that "comfort" (which in fact is almost as inseparable from an Englishman as his head is from his shoulders) has found its way even to these remote and often solitary settlements.

"Yes, at this Australian country-seat, 120 miles from Sydney, at which emporium European supplies arrive, after four or five months' voyage, enhanced nearly double in price, and with the super-added risk, difficulty, and expense consequent on a dray journey of another half-month across almost impassable mountains, we found a well-damasked table for thirty-five or forty persons, handsome china and plate, excellent cookery, a profusion of hock, claret, and champagne, a beautiful dessert of European fruits; in short, a really capital English dinner. Now I assert that this repast afforded as strong and undeniable proof of British energy, in the abstract, as did the battle of the Nile, the storming of Badajoz, the wonderful conflict of Meanee, or any other exploit accomplished by the obstinate resolution as well as dashing valour of John Bull. Wonderful people! plodding, adventurous; risking all; ruined, yet rising again; oak-hearted, hard-bitten Britons! you and your descendants shall reclaim, and occupy, and replenish all those portions of the globe habited by the savage. A few more turns of the year-glass, and the English language—who can doubt it?—will be universal, except in a few of the old-established and time-mouldy nations of little Europe, to whom, by some inscrutable dispensation, it is denied to reproduce themselves beyond their own original limits of empire. We have accepted the glorious commission; may we prove worthy instruments of the great work!*

"A feast of creature comforts may appear an unfit text for such a subject; but perhaps my deduction will not seem extravagant when

* "At a missionary meeting in Sydney, 1851, the Bishop of New Zealand stated that there is an Englishman settled in every island of the Pacific."

it is remembered that within the memory of many hale old men there was no white inhabitant of this vast continent, and nothing more eatable than a haunch of kangaroo, more drinkable than a cup of water, even where Sydney now stands; and that little more than a quarter of a century ago, these plains, to which most of the luxuries of the old world now find their way, were not even known to exist."

And yet the same writer can expatiate not only on the frightful immoralities and the barbarous cruelties of his countrymen in their newly-adopted land, but he can describe in detail the humiliating and bloody defeats they received in their first attempts to subjugate the New Zealanders to their power. Perhaps not even the disastrous Caffre war has yet opened the Colonel's military eyes to the possibility that England overrates (as we fully believe it does) both its skill and its enterprise when contrasted with other nations. The "time-mouldy" countries of Europe may yet have to try their strength with us in the "tug of war;" we predict no disasters, but neither do we sympathise with haughty boastings.

As in all new countries, where wealth and property has not had time to accumulate inordinately in a few families, and where each settler is nearly matched with his neighbour in resources and energy, Australia possesses neither an aristocracy nor a degree of pauperism such as mark the matured existence (and in their excess, the decay) of European states.

"I have visited no part of the world where there appears to exist so much of universal competence, so much equality of means, if such were possible. There must be very few individuals in New South Wales spending 1000*l.* a-year upon the ordinary appliances of living; there must be equally few who cannot afford a sufficiency of good clothing, bread and meat, and firing for themselves and families every day in the year. The barometer of domestic finance has but few degrees on its scale. No one in health can be at the zero of indigence, and scarcely any will burn like Dives for the same cause.

"In spite of the occasional grumblings of discontent on the subjects of the 'exhausted resources,' the 'paralysed energies,' the 'universal insolvency,' and the 'downfall of the colony,' there exists in New South Wales an amount of comfort and happiness for which its people ought to be deeply thankful. If there be, however, a general sufficiency of means for subsistence, there is not enough for display; nor, after the lesson which was taught by the general break-down of 1841, is there much danger of the good folks suffering a relapse of that malady,—so long, at least, as the impression of its ravages is visible as a warning.

"The shopocracy of Sydney are a very thriving class, many of them keeping carriages and riding horses, possessing handsome villas and gardens in the suburbs, and even landed property in the provinces."

The difficulty of obtaining "hands" is well known, and is in great measure to be traced to the same principle of universal independence, which disdains the feeling of submission and inferiority, and consequently knows nothing of those amiable and natural domestic relations which elsewhere exist between the kind employer and the faithful servant.

"Of all the plagues of New South Wales, and indeed of all the Australian colonies, the household servants are the worst. There are few good and faithful—as few skilful. One reason of this is the blameworthy indifference to character and cause of discharge exhibited by the employing classes—a relic, this, of the old convict system. Another cause lies in the unsettled mind of the emigrant, and his trying half a dozen trades, of which he knows nothing, before he is driven to accept service. Many old colonists do not scruple to say that they prefer convicts to free servants. 'We have a greater hold upon them,' says one. 'There are but two classes, the found-out and the unfound-out,' mutters a cynic. A servant, holding the most responsible place, discharged in disgrace at an hour's notice and without a character, is engaged the next day in a similar post, and you have the pleasure of seeing him installed as confidential butler behind the chair of the lady or gentleman who may be entertaining you at dinner. You recognise the *soupe à la jardinière*, the baked schnapper *farçi*, in the preparation of which, and other dishes, it had taken you six months to instruct your late cook, whom you had just discharged for repeated insolence and dishonesty." * * *

"The Sydney domestic servants treat service like a round of visits, taking a sojourn of a week, a month, or a quarter, according to their own tastes, the social qualities of their fellow-servants, the good living of 'the hall,' and the gullibility and subserviency of the employer. They greatly prefer engaging by the week. Not uncommonly they maintain a kind of running correspondence with the heads of some neighbouring families; and after coquetting for terms, pass over to the best bidder. The gentleman may think himself lucky if he have not occasionally to 'groom and valet' himself or his horses; as for the lady, to chronicle small beer is her lightest task, happy if she be not compelled at intervals to try her fair hands at cooking or spider-brushing. I have myself been the guest at a country-house where the lady confessed that she had not only cooked the dinner, but had with her own hands carried the logs to the kitchen fire, while the good-man was busy sawing and splitting them in the yard. The cook had got sulky because she was expected to do what the lady was thus compelled to do; and the man-servant, her husband, had gone into the town to drink and fight, 'because the fit was on him.'"

We have mentioned with praise the author's descriptive powers, and the following passages will be thought to justify our judgment. The style savours of our old friend Waterton.

"In many points along the roadside appeared great thickets of

the pretty lentana (*lantana* ?), with its delicate pink cluster flower and its rough leaf, looking and smelling like that of our black currant. This plant seems to spring up wherever the forest has been felled, like the wild raspberry in North America. We found, indeed, the last shrub very plentiful in this day's ride; but the fruit, though specious in form and hue, mocks the taste by a pulpy substance like cotton. A variety of enormous creepers,—vines, as they call them here,—threw their grotesque coils from tree to tree, not seldom clothing some old dead stump with a close network of large and lustrous leaves, giving it the guise of a dandified skeleton. Here and there pliant leafless ropes, twenty and thirty yards long, and perfectly uniform in size from end to end, swung entirely across the road; while others, dropping from the topmost branches, descended in an ominous loop straight down to a level with the rider's neck, inviting him to hang himself in such plain terms, as to be positively dangerous in weather so nearly resembling that of an English November. But, to me, by far the greatest curiosities in vegetation were the zanthorea or grass-tree, and the tree-fern. The former might with more propriety be styled the rush-tree; for on a date-like stem grows a huge bunch of spikes, some three feet long, from whose centre shoots a single tall stamen,* like a bulrush, ten or twelve feet in height: in the flowering season it is full of honey. There are whole acres of this plant near Sydney, but there the trunks are rarely more than a foot or two high. The fern-tree here attains a maximum of about twenty feet. Its wide and graceful plume seems to rise at once perfect from the earth,—as Venus from the sea,—the growth of the trunk gradually lifting it into mid-air.† One might almost imagine that the tall and dense forest around it had drawn up the well-known shrub, or rather weed,‡ of our English deer-parks into a higher order of the vegetable family. When I left England, some of my friends were fern-mad, and were nursing little microscopic varieties with vast anxiety and expense. Would that I could place them for a moment beneath the patulous umbrella of this magnificent species of Cryptogamia! On the forks of some of the older timber trees grew also the stag-horn fern, as large as the biggest cabbage, the fronds exactly resembling the palmated antlers of the moose and reindeer.”

In contrast with the above, or rather as a sequel to it, we must introduce the reader to the interior of a virgin forest in New Zealand.

“Some of the tree-ferns must have been not less than forty or fifty feet high, shooting their slender stems through the dense under-wood, and spreading their wide and delicate fronds to the upper air like so many Hindostanee umbrellas. A hundred feet above them tower the ruder giants of the forest, yielding them that shade and

* *Spadix* he should have said.—ED.

† It may be seen growing in its native perfection at Kew Gardens.—ED.

‡ *Pteris aquilina*, *brake*.—ED.

shelter which, both in New South Wales and New Zealand, seem necessary to their existence. What would some of my fern-fancying friends have given for my opportunity!—for the arborescent fern was by no means the only kind here. Hundreds of beautiful specimens, infinite in variety, arrested one's attention at every step. Innumerable parasites and climbing plants, vegetable boa-constrictors in appearance, flung their huge coils from tree to tree, from branch to branch—dropping to the earth, taking root again, running for a space along the surface, swarming up and stifling in their strictem brace some young and tender sapling; anon, as if in pure fickleness, grappling and adopting some withered and decayed stump, arraying and disguising its superannuated form in all the splendour of their own bright leaves and blossoms and fruits (for some of the passifloras bear one like a cherry); and, having reached the top, casting their light festoons to the wind, until they caught the next chance object. Grand broad-leaved ferns, palmated like the horns of an elk, niched themselves grotesquely in the forks of the oldest trees; and another kind, long and wide as a double-handed sword, looked so unlike a fern as not to be recognisable but by the mode of carrying its seed. Enormous mistletoes hung upon, and seemed, like vampires, to exhaust the life-blood of the plants on which they had fixed their fatal affections. The graceful clematis spangled the dark recesses of the groves with its silver stars. Below was a carpet of lichens and mosses and fungi, among which the Kareau, or Supple-Jack, matted the ground knee-deep with its tough network. I had not advanced fifty paces into the bush with the intent of measuring one of the tree-ferns, ere I was completely made prisoner by its prehensile webs, and did not escape with a whole coat or skin."

It is well known to naturalists and geologists that Australia and New Zealand, both in their Flora and their Fauna, represent an epoch or period of creation remotely antecedent to that which characterises the other hemisphere. Hence these countries have been compared to another planet. Whatever may be the mysterious process by which really *new* plants or animals are produced on the globe at very different periods, one fact is certain, that in the course of countless ages the ancient organic forms, both animal and vegetable, pass wholly away, and are replaced by others. That the majority of *species* are simply the result of a natural law of development, so slow in its operation that it has produced no known change within the historical period, is scarcely less certain; and thus, if we find in Australia a great predominance of cryptogamic and monocotyledonous plants, and marsupial animals, we have no reason to doubt that it has not yet reached the period when a higher organisation is destined to prevail. The dry, rigid, and dull foliage which is the characteristic of the vegetation seems clearly a consequence of and an adaptation to the great scanti-

ness of water which is the peculiarity and the scourge of that country. When, if ever, will the unknown interior be opened to human research? And what strange creatures will, in all probability, there be found! To meet with a living *dinornis*, or a wingless *apteryx** of new and yet more unsightly form than any known to us through the pages of the *Illustrated News*, may be the fortune of the first adventurer who can cross some 2000 miles of waterless tropical land. But let us hear the author's own ornithological impressions; and first his account of the "Laughing Jackass" of Australia.

"It is no uncommon thing for a writer to pronounce an object to be utterly indescribable, and forthwith to set to work to describe it. I must try my hand at a description of this absurd bird's chant, although no words can possibly do him justice.

"He commences, then, by a low cackling sound, gradually growing louder, like that of a hen in a fuss. Then, suddenly changing his note, he so closely imitates Punch's penny trumpet that you would almost swear it was indeed the jolly 'roo-to-to-too' of that public favourite you heard. Next comes the prolonged bray of an ass, done to the life; followed by an articulate exclamation apparently addressed to the listener, sounding very like 'Oh, what a guy!' and the whole winds up with a suppressed chuckle, ending in an uproarious burst of laughter, which is joined in by a dozen others hitherto sitting silent. It is impossible to hear with a grave face the jocularities of this feathered jester. In spite of all reasoning, I could never help feeling that it was myself he was quizzing.

"The Laughing Jackass, or *Dacelo gigantea*, is a large species of woodpecker, black and grey in colour, with little or no tail, and an enormously disproportionate head and bill—a most ugly and eccentric-looking fellow."

Other feathered oddities of New Zealand are thus described:

"Among the reeds of the river-side, and on a pretty flowering shrub in the woods, the Tui, or Parson Bird, with his sleek black coat, and snowy bands hanging from his neck, was chattering in busy synods, plunging his long tongue into the blossoms, and gathering from them heavy tithes of honey. This bird has a high character for elocution, and is readily domesticated. His mimicry of all kinds of sounds when caged is truly surprising; bark of mastiff, yap of cur, crow of cock, pipe of canary, the deep bass voice and hollow cough of the old man, and the shrill laugh of the young girl, are all within the compass of the Tui, whose size is rather less than that of the English blackbird. High above our heads flapped, with heavy wing, the cumbrous Kawkaw, an ugly brown parrot, with a note like his name pronounced by a cabman with a cold.

* These birds are only known as inhabitants of New Zealand, and the *dinornis* is believed to be recently extinct. Sir Charles Lyell thinks no mammals shared the land with these huge fowls "in their day."

“Although remarkably deficient in indigenous animals, some very curious birds are peculiar to this country. The Moa I neither saw, nor do I know any one in New Zealand who ever actually set eyes on this gigantic apteryx. If not extinct, the living specimens must be very rare. The Moa, a sort of wingless roc, must have looked down upon her unfeathered brother-biped, man, from considerably more than twice his height. From the length, size, and weight of the bones that have been found, this immoderate stork may have been fourteen or fifteen feet high, and as strong as an elephant.* The Kiwi, a small species of the same family, I saw more than once, although it is now scarce. It looked like a wingless turkey, with grey plumage, more like hair than feathers.

“The Rev. T. Jackson, then Bishop-Designate of Lyttleton, in returning from New Canterbury to England, brought with him to Sydney, where I saw it, a living specimen of the Kakapo, or night-parrot, a very singular and rare bird, with the rudiments of wings, but no power of flight; half owl and half parrot, it seemed a wretched and abortive creature. The poor bird shunned the light, could not bear notoriety, and died very shortly,—killed, as I verily believe, by human kindness. Its colours were dull-green, black, and yellow; its size, that of a common fowl. But of all the fowls of the air in New Zealand, commend me to him known there by the name of ‘More Pork,’ so called from his constant repetition of these two words.”

With one more freak of dame Nature, but a most astonishing one, we must leave this part of the subject:

“Of all the strange fungi that I ever met with, not excepting the luminous toadstool of Australia, by which you may see to shave yourself at midnight, the vegetable caterpillar, whereof I saw several specimens found in this district, is the most strange. I believe the insect is, at one stage of its existence, a large grey moth, at another it becomes a caterpillar. When tired of a somewhat dull life, it buries itself in the earth, and, after death, assumes a fungous form; or, at least, there springs from its skeleton a fungous excrescence like a balrush, which pierces and rises several inches above the ground.”

Of the state of religion the author does not give a very definite account; but all that he does say certainly countenances an idea which was not new to us, that the harvest which is reaped by the various Protestant sectaries is rather one of dollars than of souls. On the heathen natives little or no permanent impression seems to be made; and one reason of the failure must be given in the significant words of the Colonel himself, who is evidently an orthodox adherent to the Anglican communion “as by law established:”

* The Moa (we believe) is the native term for the *Dinornis*. The statements in the text are surely to be taken *cum grano salis*.—ED.

"One cannot doubt that the success of the Christian missions would have been incalculably greater—perhaps literally catholic, universal, throughout the native population of these islands—had there been one uniform creed and priesthood. It is only wonderful, I think, that a shrewd and cautious people should have so readily adopted a new religion, the professors of which—at first ranked by them under the one generic term of *Mihonari*—they soon found to be subdivided into innumerable parties,—Episcopalian, *Pikopo*,* Wesleyan, Baptist, Independent, with Jews dissenting from them all."

"The observant Maori (New Zealander) cannot be blind to such open and wide schism, nor deaf to the virulence of sectarian animosity. He hears of heresy, of antichrist, of the beast! One zealous Christian minister offers brazen crucifixes, images of saints, and precious relics; another anathematises graven images of all sorts and sizes; a third denounces both the former. Poor Jack Maori stands aghast, halting, as well he may, between two opinions; for he is sharp enough to perceive these anomalies in a religion professing universal love, the unity of the spirit in the bond of peace. Unfortunately, it is an undoubted fact, and certainly no original remark, that Christian zeal and Christian charity rarely go hand in hand; and that our religion, excellent as it may be, is no bond between men where the shadow of a difference of opinion exists."

It does not seem to have occurred to our author, that he was penning in these words the notes and evidences of a false religion with suicidal truthfulness.

A visit to the Protestant Bishop, the zealous and indefatigable Dr. Selwyn, and his missionary college of St. John's, near Bishop's Auckland, is amusing enough. The Bishop received his guests in full canonicals, and in that condition gave them a pretty severe scramble through the "bush," to the serious "solution of continuity" in their nether garments. The chapel was "built and lined throughout with a dark mahogany-like wood, and of which I should without stint or reservation have admired every feature, had it not been for a certain cluster of tall tapers upon the altar!" Puseyism at the Antipodes! The boys in the college seem to have had too much work and too little play, at least in their own opinion; and apparently the Colonel was disposed to agree with them. "I must say, there was among the young faces here a dull aspect that jarred upon my feelings; and if the industrial system as carried out at St. John's be a good one, why are there not more students?" Ah! why not, indeed?

Of the "Canterbury settlement," Colonel Mundy seems to have no exalted opinion. It is generally allowed to have been a failure; for though neither zeal nor money nor interest was spared in its promotion, the very idea of planting an exclusively

* "*Pikopo*, Roman Catholic, from *Episcopus*."

“high” Church-of-England colony, apart from what its promoters pleasantly called sectarian influences, was a self-evident absurdity. The last account we saw was, that the pious inhabitants had deserted their churches and run off to the Australian diggings. What else was to be looked for? Or can we doubt the truth of Colonel Mundy’s prediction: “Long before the streets of the new town are laid out, some nonconformist Poundtext will be found mounted on a tree-stump in the market-place, and will not wait long for a flock!”*

In Australia (as in every English colony, we believe without exception) the Catholic religion alone seems to thrive; and one at least of the obvious reasons of this phenomenon, so ungrateful to British statesmen and Protestant divines, the Colonel is candid enough to record:

“In the Protestant church, on Sunday morning, I found about sixty grown-up persons, exclusive of the minister and an individual in a holland blouse and clarionet, personating the organ. The Roman Catholics here, as generally in these colonies, appear to have increased in numbers and consequence at a much greater ratio than other denominations. The reason is obvious. Union is strength: the Romanists (!) are devoted to one set of tenets,—bound up in one common cause,—presenting the strongest ‘formation’ for resistance, if not for conquest. The Protestants are split into sects; every man must set up a creed for himself; and dissent appears to be the rule rather than the exception. A handsome stone chapel, neatly furnished, will shortly replace the present modest wooden edifice. The priest, it need hardly be added (!), possesses a most comfortable cottage, a clever hack, and a sleek exterior.”

We may pardon the flippancy of this passage for the sake of its honest acknowledgment of a fact which most Protestant writers would certainly have concealed.

With reluctance we pass over the interview with Smith O’Brien—a state-prisoner, on the most indulgent terms according to Colonel Mundy’s account, in perhaps the most beautiful and salubrious island in the whole world; but we need hardly say that our author, being a staunch monarchist, has no sympathy with that expatriated gentleman. Like the Canterbury settlers, we too must hasten to the diggings. The Colonel having a few months at his disposal before returning to England, resolves upon a visit to the gold-fields, and, as in duty bound, even takes a turn at the pick and cradle for a few

* The author says in a note: “Towards the end of 1850 I was informed, that at this essentially Church-of-England plantation the only churchman present was a *Roman Catholic priest*, to whom all the children were taken for baptism and other rites.”

hours on his own account. We may introduce the reader to the Turon diggings without any ceremony :

“At length the main features of the country became more decided in character. Amid a chaos of minor swells it was easy to trace two leading sierras, dominating and marking the direction of a long and tortuous valley. This valley forms the bed of the river Turon, the Pactolus of the antipodes. Thin wreaths of bluish smoke indicated the position of the mines, far below and as yet invisible. As we topped a ridge, the last of a series I thought interminable, my companion suddenly said, ‘Stop and listen.’ I pulled up my horse, and heard, as I imagined, the rushing of some mighty cataract. ‘It is the cradles,’ said he ; and so it was, the grating of the gravel or rubble on the metal sifters of five hundred rockers ! I shall not easily forget the impression made on me by this singular acoustic effect. Looking down into that wild mountain glen, it was almost incredible that this uniform and ceaseless crash could be produced by the agency of a crowd of human beings, not one of whom was visible, nor any sign of their existence. There was no pause nor the slightest variation in the cadence as it floated up to us on the still air ; and I have no doubt that had we listened for an hour, not the slightest check in the monotonous roar would have been detected. Presently, as we descended upon the creek, tents and huts and every other kind of temporary tabernacle were descried dotting the slopes and levels up and down and on either bank of the stream, in indiscriminate confusion.”

Another point visited was “Golden-horn ;” and here the author takes a somewhat closer inspection of the process :

“I asked one of the diggers, whose head and shoulders just protruded from the grave-like hole he was digging, whether the ore was visible to the eye in the soil. ‘Get in,’ said he, laconically,—for the miners have no breath to waste in chattering. I turned in with him accordingly, and my black-bearded friend made me observe a delicate layer or stratum of yellow dust, like flour, in one corner of the hole. Without further ado, he shovelled dirt, gravel, and gold together into a sort of canvass hand-barrow, and two or three spadefuls seemed to have exhausted the precious vein, for it ceased to be perceptible. This was the only occasion on which I succeeded in detecting with the naked eye gold in its deposit, except indeed on the following day, when I saw a man pick a piece the size of a pea out of an old root in a dry gully.”

“The upper stratum of the ground they were working upon was of gravel of every size, from a pumpkin to a pea, and of various materials, volcanic, silicious, slaty, &c. Then came a rich brownish soil ; and in many spots a thick layer of clay was spread above the rock that formed the true bed or trough of the creek. All the superstrata are composed of mere detritus, washed down together with the gold by the mountain storms. The very finest atoms of the ore frequently find lodgment among the lighter soil or gravel. The

medium grains are caught and retained by the clay, whilst the heaviest particles work their way down to the rock."

Though the Colonel was not rewarded by a single speck of gold in his own attempt at digging, he purchased some 500*l.* worth at the miners' prices, which, at the Mint value in England, left about 90*l.* clear profit. It is fair to add, that he merely adopted this as a convenient means of remitting to England the proceeds of the sale of his effects on leaving Australia.

On the *vexata quæstio* of the contemplated gold-glut Col. Mundy wisely is silent: wisely, because no mortal man can possibly tell *when* the world at large will have so much gold, that it will begin to be less valued. Time was when the enormous deposits of copper at the Burra-Burra mines in Australia were thought likely to ruin the less productive English mines; yet within the last half-year copper has risen to twice its former value: a halfpenny now is literally equal to a penny then, according to market prices! As we now wonder how, not twenty years ago, the traffic of the country was conducted by coaches and wagons, and how people could contrive to transact business without electric telegraphs and when every letter cost on the average a shilling for postage, so in a few years shall we wonder how the monied world contrived to pay its way with the "few handfuls" of gold then in circulation. We may rest assured that the Providence which gave us coal and iron for our good will not give us either gold or silver for our hurt, apart from the evils naturally attendant on the abuse of wealth.

PROTESTANT ROSARIES.

Rosaries, compiled for the Use of the English Church.

London, Joseph Masters.

IN the form of a small and prettily got-up volume, with rubricated edges, very slender and very flexible, attired in episcopal purple, and embossed (though almost invisibly) with the title "Rosaries," we have been presented with a new manual of devotion, which Protestants will regard with dismay, and which no Catholic can regard with respect. Yet it has two aspects, and may be looked upon either as imitation or as aspiration. Considered in the former point of view, it must meet with the disapprobation of the Catholic; not because it decks itself in borrowed plumes, or because the Church can suffer any diminution

when a fragment is snatched from her exhaustless stores, but because what is thus appropriated can tend only to keep up a dangerous delusion. This little book goes further than any we have yet seen in the way of turning Catholic devotions to the use of a school in the Protestant Establishment. It seems also to indicate, what indeed might have been expected, that since the Gorham case, all opinions, however opposed, are equally secure of toleration in the Anglican Church. To pass her line of latitude would apparently be an undertaking still more difficult than that of "finding the longitude." It is hard to say with what feelings, on the whole, such books should be regarded. There will perhaps, for several years to come, be found a class of readers, full of their own high aspirations, and ignorant of the actual state of things around them, who may profit by them, receive from them deeper impressions of Catholic truths, and be gradually led on from the shadow to the substance. As for their more learned compilers, we should have thought that recent circumstances had been plain enough to decide that Protestantism on stilts is not Catholicism; and that no imaginable amount of incubation can make a chicken come out of a piece of chalk mistaken for an egg.

The book consists of a series of Rosaries taken from ancient sources, but docked here and there, very irreverently, to suit not indeed the Church of England, but some section of some school in that body. "The 'Hail Mary' in its modern form," we are told in the introduction, "was never used in the English Church." No attempt is made to prove this statement; nor indeed does it appear that the compiler himself objects to the "'Hail Mary' in its modern form," that is, in the form in which it is used by Catholic Christendom. That form is printed; and then comes a rather equivocal comment: "For this form, *if objected to*, may be substituted some other prayer, such as this: 'Hail, Virgin Mary, Mother of God, full of grace, the Lord is with thee; blessed art thou amongst women, and blessed is the fruit of thy womb, which gave birth to the Saviour of our souls.'" The *prayer* to our Lady is supposed to be thus omitted; or rather a disputable case is raised as to whether the address, as it remains, be not in fact an interjection, not a prayer. "Our Prayer Book," continues the compiler, "fully sanctions the use of salutations, since we employ a whole string of similar addresses, *e.g.* in the hymn of *Benedicite omnia opera*." According to this reading, it will be an open question, whether the Salutation be really a prayer to her whom all generations call blessed, or whether she be only addressed in the same sense as, "O ye frost and snows fulfilling his word!" Another question, however, is likewise

left open, viz. whether, after all, it may not be quite as well to discard the hypothetical objection altogether, and condescend to use the "Hail Mary" as the Church uses it.

Another equally equivocal expression is to be found in the following comment on the Rosary: "These two concluding apocryphal mysteries (the Assumption of the Blessed Virgin and her coronation) form no unapt symbolism of the risen life in Christ, and the final triumphs of His Church." Whether this remark implies such a belief in the two above-named mysteries as Protestants accord to those books still read for "examples of life and manners," or whether they are regarded as among the superstitions of Popery, we are not informed. In the expurgated version of the Rosary here given, however, the fourth and fifth glorious mysteries relinquish their ancient titles, and pass under the alias of "the triumph of the Church in the saints," and "the consummation of glory and the beatific vision." Here again we presume that a certain latitude is to be allowed to individual taste. Among those who use this Rosary there will be some who cannot but remark, that in the case of the other mysteries a profound symbolical meaning is borne in upon us *in and with a great objective fact*; and who will therefore see no sufficient reason for removing the objective statement in the case of the two concluding mysteries, and thus altering the general character of the devotion by a change as unharmonious, as if two figures were cut out of a picture by Raphael, and two corresponding figures from an engraving substituted in their place. We are told also that "it has been objected that in the Roman Catholic Rosaries, the devotions to the Blessed Virgin predominate over those to God, since there are one hundred and fifty Aves to fifteen Paters." Here again no hint is dropped enabling us to determine how far the compiler sympathises with this objection. An arithmetical, like a geographical solution for questions of theology, has difficulties as well as attractions of its own; and some fallacy must surely lurk in a calculus which would prove that the devotion of Catholics to the Blessed Virgin is precisely ten times what they feel for Almighty God. Neither can the compiler himself be deceived by this fallacy, since he knows that our Blessed Lord is the chief subject of meditation in almost all the mysteries, and indeed expressly says, that "the great argument in favour of the Rosary is, that it promotes prayer by way of meditation on the Crucified and the mysteries of the Gospel." Nevertheless, in deference to this objection, other prayers are substituted for those to our Lady with which each mystery ought to terminate. They are taken from Catholic sources, and are therefore unexceptionable; but of course

we can have no sympathy with this change, any more than we can approve of the substitution of texts from Holy Scripture for those brief but touching and simple statements which in Catholic practice are always prefixed to the mysteries. Doubtless, these also are a tribute to "Popular Protestantism;" but one great objection to them is, that they present so many images to the mind as rather to impede than assist the intensity and singleness of each act of meditation. This substitution clearly shews that the compiler has not fully perceived the difference between the Rosary of the Blessed Virgin and other forms of devotion. Its mysteries are the great objective facts of Christianity, at once historically true and of the deepest spiritual import. Through these mysteries, which are as the signs of a spiritual zodiac clasping our whole religious sphere, the Christian passes successively. Upon each in turn he gazes in wonder and awe, not removing from it his ken, but penetrating its depth more and more, and finding in each, as it were, a vista into a new world. While the intellect is thus held in tension, the heart and will are made to accompany it by a corresponding energy of their own, and with a concurrent movement, as closely connected as the words and the music of a song. This is effected by the introduction of the 'Hail Mary,' a prayer so simple and familiar to the Catholic, and also so entwined with the tenderest associations, that it carries his heart onward into the light without diverting his intellectual gaze from the object of its contemplation. This prayer also (the seal of the doctrine of the Incarnation, as the 'Gloria Patri' is the seal of that of the Trinity), from the very fact that it is the simplest of all prayers, confessing that primal truth which is the root of all Christianity, and praying but in general terms for aid in life and death, adapts itself equally to all the mysteries; assuming a jubilant character with the joyful mysteries, a penitential character with the sorrowful, a triumphant character with the glorious; and thus changing its aspect as the sea changes its colour in sympathy with the heavens. Equally appropriate is the short prayer to the Blessed Virgin at the conclusion of each, beseeching her with childlike humility, and yet with a childlike familiarity and importunity, to implore for us of her Divine Son that grace which the mystery especially typifies. By her it is, as the Mother of God in His humanity, that the Christian suppliant is led on, in this devotion, from sign to sign. Her presence is a protection and encouragement to him. Sympathy with her raises him above himself, and enables him to lift up his heart with her heart, and to magnify the Lord with her voice, "*quia exaltavit humiles.*" With her eyes he contemplates the infant of Bethlehem, and the Redeemer on His cross.

With a function far higher than that attributed to the mystic type of Theology by the Italian poet, as she conducts the traveller from earth through the shining regions of his 'Paradise,' the true mother takes each of her children by the hand, and leads them on from marvel to marvel. Is it strange that at every new resting-place the suppliant turns again to her, whose office he so well knows, with the same appeal, "Shew us thy Son;" and once more, ere he leaves the mystery, with the same final entreaty,

"Ora pro nobis, Sancta Dei Genitrix!
Ut digni efficiamur promissionibus Christi!"

On the whole, then, the compiler must not deem us very hard to please, if we do not think he has by any means improved the Rosary of the Blessed Virgin. Neither can we sympathise with the "feelings of some surprise and disappointment" with which "an English churchman" abroad discovers that it is in conventual churches or cathedrals that the Breviary services are recited, and that for the evening devotions in the parish churches he must commonly content himself with rosaries and litanies. Instead of enlarging on such matters, however, we would rather turn to those points in this last High-Church development which have given us pleasure, and in which progress may be traced. It is always disagreeable to find fault, and especially so when we know not how many of our censures respect matters as to which the sympathies of the censured party are, with more or less of consciousness, on the right side. We learn from the preface of this little work, that "in the following pages it has rather been our endeavour to shew the various uses to which the chaplet may be profitably applied, than to restore the more ancient forms of the Rosary, which, however beautiful in themselves, may have lost their significance for persons of the present day." We would fain infer from this passage, that the compiler does not himself think that the prayers of the Saints and the devotions of holy Church require to be reduced and medicated before they are worthy of the *imprimatur* of private judgment exercised in a small theological school, at war with the community to which it belongs, with all other Protestant communities, as well as with the whole Catholic Church throughout the world.

To proceed with the more agreeable part of our task. We have been struck by a decided superiority of this book over most of the same kind in the very important matter of distinctness of speech. Notwithstanding some very significant exceptions which have been already mentioned, some doctrines at least are put forward with such an honest perspicuity as to leave no equivocal impression. To say strong things, and yet

leave a loophole of escape, has certainly not always been the purpose of the compiler in his Eucharistic Rosary. The doctrine of transubstantiation, for instance, can hardly be more plainly put forward than in some places in this book. Nor is he less explicit on the subject of the adoration of the Blessed Sacrament: "I adore Thee, O living Bread, descended from heaven for my spiritual food;" and again, "I adore Thee, O my Jesus, hidden beneath the sacramental veil; let my life be hidden through Thee in God." Plain as these expressions are, it would have been easy to have thrown an ambiguity over them by the addition of words pointing in an opposite direction, or suggesting an allegorical interpretation. No ingenious device of the sort is here attempted. Again, how much mystification has not been written of late on the subject of the Eucharistic Sacrifice, condemning as heretics all who deny it, and yet leaving it utterly uncertain whether the offering in question be a real or a figurative one; a mere memorial rite affecting to our imagination, or a sacrifice tendered to God; and if the latter, in what it consists: whether it be the offering of alms, or of the sacred elements, or of our own souls and bodies, or of something higher than all these? Few things are more curious than the zeal with which Dr. Brett and others of the nonjurors examined the early liturgies, in order to prove the necessity of particular observances to which they had taken a fancy, such as the mixture of water with the wine; and at the same time their utter blindness to matters a hundred times more momentous, such as the real nature of the Eucharistic Sacrifice, and the intercession of the saints, as set forth in the same formularies: the Puseyite school is a real advance on the nonjuring. Nor would it be easy to enunciate the doctrine of the sacrifice of the Mass more clearly and powerfully than we find it in these pages. Again, the Established Church, we believe, does not claim to have any patriarchs. If so, in the following prayer a higher regard is shewn for the Pope than for the Archbishop of Canterbury: "Jesus, Divine Head of thy spouse the Church, purchased and purified by thy blood, have mercy upon the patriarchs and bishops, and especially upon N. our own bishop, and N. our own pastor." This is an advance from the time when the Church of England inserted into the portion of the Litany to the Saints which she retained, the following prayer, which has no longer a place in it, though two years ago it seemed not unlikely to recover one: *From the Bishop of Rome and his detestable enormities, Good Lord deliver us.*

This little volume includes several other devotions, to which we should refer more at large if our space permitted us. It

contains the Angelus, omitting only (*if it be objected to*, we suppose) the latter portion of each Hail Mary. It contains also the Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament, as used in the Catholic Church, with a good translation of the hymn, "Tantum ergo Sacramentum." It contains two Rosaries for the Faithful Departed, the Chaplet used at Notre Dame de la Garde near Marseilles, the Mysteries of the Sacred Infancy, and Rosaries of the Holy Trinity, of our Lord Jesus Christ (in honour of His seven blood-sheddings), of our Lord's Passion (addressed to each of His sacred wounds), and of the Heart of Jesus. In these devotions there are many expressions which prove that the compiler has in many respects understood the true character and depth of Catholic prayers, especially as realising the infinite merits of our Blessed Redeemer and the grace of the Holy Spirit. He has not thought it necessary to discard language which would be stigmatised as 'erotic' or 'histrionic' by those whose fastidiousness is affronted by whatever goes beyond the ceremonial fence laid down by the cast-iron orthodoxy of an establishment, or whose timidity shrinks from whatever does not bear the *imprimatur* of that great modern prophet, public opinion. His discernment in such matters is that which makes us believe that he cannot share that very superficial delusion which makes Protestants fancy that an opposition must exist between devotion to our Lord and devotion to His saints. Not thinking this, we conclude he must see the truth of the converse principle; since if the saints be not pretenders and rivals, they must be in some sort representatives of their Lord, and honour paid to them must therefore be paid to Him. Hence we trust that it is in a very restricted sense that the following suggestion is to be received: "It is *possible* that the Rosary may have become popularly identified with *undue* adoration of our Blessed Lady" (the italics are our own); or else that other possibilities will be recognised as not less capable of explaining a circumstance so little surprising, as that communities which separated from the *orbis terrarum* did not retain that supernatural charity, and those instincts of a divine consanguinity, which can alone preserve a living bond between the triumphant Church and Christians still *in via*.

In return for the interest and the partial satisfaction with which we have read this little manual, let us be permitted to make one friendly suggestion to those for whose use it has been compiled. It is this:—Would it not be well, since in religion sincerity is all in all, to ask oneself what one really means by the latter part of that "Act of Faith," p. 68, which is perhaps the most solemn passage in the volume: "Moreover, I

believe whatsoever else the Catholic Church proposes to be believed; and this because God, who is the Sovereign Truth, and can neither deceive nor be deceived, has revealed all these things to this His Church?" No devotions, however elevated, expansive, or profound, are Catholic in a sense so vital as the principle of this passage, which establishes the true nature of faith; in the absence of which a revealed religion is absolutely impossible to us, and the noblest fabric of doctrinal orthodoxy, devotional beauty, and ascetic practice, is but a cloud-vision without a basis, if not a mockery — *O quanta species, et cerebrum non habet!* Now what does this passage mean? Out of our own mouth shall we be judged; and it becomes us to know the meaning of our words. The Church, not private judgment, according to this statement, is the means by which we know the revealed will and ways of God. Then what Church? Does "this His Church" mean simply the Church of England? Surely not; otherwise, why those prayers for foreign patriarchs? Does it mean the aggregate of all communities, Protestant or Catholic, which call themselves Christian? This is not consistent with devotions which most Protestant bodies would stigmatise as simple idolatry. Does it mean the invisible Church of elect souls, known to God only? But such a Church, being invisible, could be no guide to us in divine things. Does it mean the Latin Church, together with the Greek and the United Church of England and Ireland? But these Churches no more constitute one united Church than three nations at war with each other constitute one nation. Whatever a few individuals may wish or dream, the fact is patent, that they have not even a single characteristic of unity. They differ in faith; they do not communicate in sacraments; one of them anathematises the other two, as distinctly as ever heresy or schism was anathematised in early days; and the other two, so far from having "a moral if not organic unity," are bitterly at war both with the third and with each other.

Again then we must ask, What does "this His Church" mean? Does it mean the undivided Church of East and West as it existed previous to the Greek schism? But that Church, so characterised, belongs to the past; and we are dealing with the present. What it held is the very point in dispute; and as it cannot speak for itself, and its documents are variously interpreted, such a dispute can only be solved either by private judgment, which this book repudiates, or by the existing Church—in which case we return to the question, What is the Church? Is it the Church of the future? and if so, is it the Chevalier Bunsen's Church of the future? or is it that Church of the future appealed to by those Anglican teachers who have

so often promised implicit obedience to the decrees of a General Council, whenever it may be possible to hold one? The appeal to "posterity," like that to the "human race," is always a safe one; but *this* appeal seems also to be deficient in sincerity; it is eminently unreal; it is an appeal to what the appellants themselves know full well is, in their sense at least, manifestly impossible. Once more, then, What is the Church? If the "English churchman" will but throw off a local and narrow tradition, and take the Bible and the creeds as his guides, he will find a very plain account of a matter which, if not very plain indeed, far from allowing the Gospel to be preached to the poor, would place divine truth, as an objective revelation, beyond the reach of the human race, and render the exercise of faith as a supernatural gift and organ of spiritual certainty impossible. Catholicity and unity are set forth as marks of the Church. One community only unites them. Apostolicity is another note. One community only instructs and enacts with apostolic authority. Is not the matter plain, on such principles, at least, as this little book puts forward? Why wait, then, in vain expectation till the bitter stream has flowed by? Must not the torrent of vain opinion divide for ever the sects from the Eden of the Church? There is no solid nourishment in such sweet odours as the casual gust blows across the stream. They have done their part when they have given notice of the better land.

We will end by entreating those who use this book, and use it for their souls' behoof, to restore to its proper place, after the fifth joyful mystery, one of the omitted prayers: "O most Blessed Virgin, more than martyr in thy sufferings, and yet the comfort of such as are afflicted; by that unspeakable joy wherewith thy soul was filled when at length thou didst find thy well-beloved Son in the Temple, teaching in the midst of the doctors, obtain of Him that *we may so seek Him and find Him in His holy Catholic Church, as never more to be separated from Him. Amen.*"

SHORT NOTICES.

THE contents of the April Number of the *Dublin Review* (Richardson and Son) are varied, and most of them are good: two very able and interesting political articles, one *à propos* of Burke, the other of Montalembert; a learned and elegantly-written theological article on the worship of the Saints; a severe but well-merited castigation of Sir Francis Head for his *Fortnight in Ireland*; an article on the Madias, which needs no other recommendation to our readers, than that they should know that it is from the pen of one who has both ability and authority

to speak on this matter; and the Number concludes with an article on Father Newman's trial, going over the same ground as was taken by ourselves in an article that appeared in our Number for March.

A very serviceable book of meditations for persons who have not time for much reading is that commonly known by the name of *Peach's Practical Reflections* (Dublin, J. Duffy); the Rev. E. Peach, however, having only edited and enlarged them, their original authorship being still a matter of some doubt. As at present arranged, they provide plain practical reflections for every day in the year, with special lessons for the more solemn seasons, such as Advent, Lent, &c. The number of editions this work has gone through attests its usefulness; and the present publisher has done all that good clear print, decent paper, and cheapness of price can do to increase its popularity.

From the same spirited publisher we have also *An Analysis or familiar Explanation of the Gospels as read in the Mass on all the Sundays and Festivals throughout the year*, by the Rev. J. Appleton (Dublin, J. Duffy). The title of this work sufficiently indicates its contents; there is one essential point of difference, however, between this work and others apparently of the same class. Those are for the most part confined to an explanation of one or more particular verses selected from the gospel of the day, and made the text of a short discourse. In the work before us there is a connected explanation of the *whole* gospel, which is obviously far more valuable. It is written in a very easy familiar style, and will be found a useful book of instruction to place in schools, lending libraries, &c.

The same may be said of a new translation of *St. Francis de Sales' Treatise on the Love of God* (Dublin, J. Duffy). This admirable treatise is intended for the use of persons who have already made some progress in the practice of devotion; not, like the *Introduction to a Devout Life*, for mere beginners. At the same time it does not treat of those extraordinary paths whereby some souls are led to a sublime degree of perfection, but rather of what may be experienced by all who are in a state of grace, and aim at making continual progress in the paths of virtue. It commences with a consideration of the origin of divine love, and then goes on to examine the laws of its growth, the danger of its diminution and decay, its operations and properties, its advantages and excellences; and although it is not necessary, in order to attain divine love, that a man should know any thing of its theory, yet, as the saintly author truly says, "I can promise those who read this work with devotion, that they will derive advantage even from those portions which seem to have least claim to the tender unction of piety."

The last Number of the *Clifton Tracts* (Burns and Lambert), No. 55, *Preaching the Gospel defensible only on Catholic principles; a dialogue held in the streets of Bristol*, is in a different, and in our opinion very superior style to many others of the series. While yielding to none in depth of thought and soundness of principle, it is written in a lively, popular, and telling style, calculated to render it eminently useful. We strongly recommend it to our readers, and think they will agree with us that it is one of the very best that has yet been issued.

Lazarine; or, Duty once understood, religiously fulfilled (London, Dolman) is a tale cleverly written, thoroughly Catholic, and very interesting. It is translated from the French; and works of fiction, especially if the characters be taken not from the public history of the past, but from the private every-day life of the present day, necessarily suffer more in translation into a foreign language, than works of a more solid

character, whether historical or scientific. The moral of this little book, however, is sufficiently plain, and belongs to all people in all nations. The incidents of the tale are full of life and interest, so as to engage the reader's liveliest attention; whilst the important lesson to be gathered from them is so cleverly interwoven with the narrative, as necessarily to impress it upon the mind, without being made the subject of those tedious "preachments" or moral dissertations, which are but too common in works of this kind, but which all readers are apt to resent as unwelcome interruptions, even if they do not, like most *young* readers, altogether "skip" them.

The third volume of *De Ponte's Meditations* is now published (Richardson and Son); the Meditations which it contains are amongst the most generally useful in the whole series. After clearly explaining the nature of the active and contemplative lives, first considered separately from one another, and afterwards as united, they proceed to dwell upon all the details of the public life of our Blessed Lord during the time of His ministry as exhibiting a perfect specimen of this mixed life, a life uniting the excellences both of action and contemplation. To Protestants who think that Catholics know and care very little about the Bible, it would be scarcely possible to present a more striking book, or one better suited to dispel such ignorant prejudices. Here are fifty-eight meditations, in this single volume, entirely upon the miracles or parables or other parts of our Lord's public life, as recorded in the Gospels; each is made the subject of minute examination and most reverent contemplation, and then practically applied to the heart and conscience of the reader in a way that (so-called) biblical Christians not only have never attained to, but cannot even comprehend.

Dr. Crookall's *Mass for Four Voices in E-flat* (Burns and Lambert) exhibits a very decided advance in the qualifications of a musician on the same writer's previous publications. Dr. Crookall has attained more unity in style, more fluency and originality in melody, and more ease and richness in the conduct and colouring of his parts. The latter portion of the Mass, beginning with the *Credo*, is the most original and successful of the whole; but the entire work would be creditable to any musician; and as the work of an amateur, whose clerical and academic duties command no little portion of his time, it is much more than creditable. We strongly recommend it to choirs of tolerable skill, who are in want of a very pleasing and serviceable addition to their stock of Masses.

The second volume of that useful little publication, *The Catholic School* (Burns and Lambert), is now completed. The first article in the concluding number is both interesting and important, as its title sufficiently indicates—*Acta et Agenda*. The *Acta*, or what *has been* done amongst us in the way of education during the last four or five years, we may presume our readers to be more or less acquainted with. The *Agenda*, or what yet remains to be done, are thus summed up: 1. "to pay off the debts upon old schools, and legally settle them; 2. to build more fine schools, especially amidst dense masses of people, but likewise in all country missions; 3. to found a training institution for religious schoolmistresses; and 4. to publish a series of Catholic school-books." On the first two of these requisites we apprehend that there is no room for difference of opinion. We are not so clear, however, about the third; this, we think, will prove to be no very easy task, if it is to be carried out precisely in the way laid down in this article, viz. that "the bishops should *select* some *one* community specially charged with the care of an

institution for the general supply of trained religious teachers to schools throughout the kingdom." The number of religious orders of women now engaged in the work of education in this country is very considerable; some of these communities are of recent origin, and but very few of them can be said to have had time and space for the full development of their respective systems. Still it cannot be denied that special qualifications and systematic preparation are requisite to form, even among religious, the perfect teacher; and a house devoted to this single purpose could not but be confided to one community. The fourth want, a series of good Catholic school-books, appears to us to deserve the very first place, or at least as high a place as any, in the list of *Agenda*. Some most excellent remarks were made in former numbers of *The Catholic School* upon this subject, in a series of papers which appeared under the title of "a Nun's Plan of Education;" and we suspect that something of the kind there recommended would certainly ere this have been prepared and given to the public, were it not for the well-grounded fear, recognised in the article now before us, that the publication of such books, "as a commercial speculation, would entail a probable loss." There are many Catholics, we do not doubt, who would be both able and willing to compile such books as we want, and who would not grudge the necessary time or labour, provided only that some benevolent individual or society could be found to guarantee them against pecuniary loss by the publication. Would it be quite impossible for the Catholic Poor-School Committee itself to take this matter in hand? We know indeed that their funds are miserably inadequate to the demands which are already made upon them; yet we venture to think that two or three hundred pounds, or even less, by way of trying the experiment, might be most judiciously expended in this way. It would not indeed make any sensible addition to the number of our schools, but it would be of incalculable benefit in increasing both their intellectual and religious efficiency.

Joe Baker; or, the One Church (Burns and Lambert). We have been favoured with a sight of this striking little narrative in its progress through the press. It is one of a class which we should wish to see more numerous in this country. It is written for the people, in the language of the people, by one who, it is plain, not only knows them well from close personal observation, but is able to enter into their thoughts, and understands the way to their hearts. There is a strong common sense and a broad human interest about the narrative, which we consider essential requisites for interesting and profiting the poor. We do not like that dwarfed and artificial way of writing for the less-educated classes, which has been so common, any more than we like little-good-boy stories affectedly and pointedly intended for smaller readers. We believe the style of composition to which we allude to be intellectually offensive to both children and the poor, although they may not be themselves fully conscious of what it is that makes such productions so uninteresting to them. It should be remembered that all the rudiments, both moral and intellectual, of the human mind, subsist perfectly in children and in the uneducated, although in an imperfectly developed state. The subject-matter of narratives intended for such readers should be simple, striking, and such as is easily grasped; but it need not, therefore, be puny or trivial, nor made the obvious vehicle of conveying an impertinent lecture addressed *ad hominem*. In fine, the story should be such that, while it is suited for the class for which it is principally intended, it is so founded upon, and addressed to, all the sympathies of human nature, that it cannot fail of interesting

even the most advanced and refined mind. Now such a story we conceive *Joe Baker* to be ; and its style is in keeping with these conditions, being natural, clear, and vigorous. The author hits off admirably the double purpose apparently intended, both of shewing that the Catholic Church alone satisfies the needs of the human soul, and also of exposing the utter helplessness and unreality of what is called religion in this country ; or rather suffering it to expose itself in a kind of experimental manner, which no Protestant can well gainsay, however reluctant he may be to admit the conclusion to which it so naturally leads. Our readers will have observed that this little story is announced as the first of a series which has been commenced by the editors of the "Clifton Tracts ;" we can only hope that it will proceed with equal talent and spirit. Sure we are that such an undertaking, supplying, as it does, an acknowledged desideratum, ought to meet with the zealous encouragement of all who have at heart the spiritual interests of the great body of our countrymen.

We lately had occasion to speak of funeral sermons pronounced at the obsequies of men of renown,—warriors, noblemen, and artists ; to-day we have a funeral sermon of a very different, and to ourselves of a far more engaging kind,—*Sanctity the only True Greatness* (London, Dolman), preached at St. John's, Islington, by the Very Rev. F. Oakeley, on occasion of the burial of a poor Irishman, who had been door-keeper to that church for two years, and who seems to have performed all the duties of his office with the devotion of a saint. "The deceased," says the preacher, "was one of the very best specimens (and such specimens, thank God, are any thing but rare) of the body of the Irish Catholics." It appears that he had never learned even so much as to read and write ; but "this disadvantage was no obstacle whatever to the practice of meditative devotion. He prized his beads far more than the most enthusiastic student his books ;"—but we will quote no more ; for we have no space for the whole, and the whole is well worth reading, and well worth distributing as a tract.

THE THANKS OF THE MAN OF GOD.

A TALE OF STRATH CLYDE.*

DEEP and long-hid the gracious ways of Him
 Who gently breathes beneath the silent ground
 On seed and kernel, until spreading limb
 And branch and leaf in pomp and power abound,
 High in the sunshine and the golden air :
 Even so His wisdom hides, and tends, and answers Prayer.

Whether 'tis breathed within the chamber lone,
 Or in the lonelier breast within the crowd,
 Or on high festival, amid the tone
 Of organ, pipe, and choral anthem loud ;
 Humbly consigned to His deep heart unseen,
 It slowly gathers life, to burst in sudden green.

* The incidents are real.

'Tis many a year since, from his toil released
 For a brief hour, away from smoke and din
 Of wheel and toil, slow paced the wearied Priest,
 A true Heaven's soldier worn in war with sin.
 Some miles away he would seek simple food
 For humble joy and thanks, 'mong flowers and leafy wood.

With pensive step, and brow to breezes bared,
 He trod the glade, or hung above wild flowers
 Athirst for bliss. Far off the furnace glowed,
 The hot smoke rolled from the Cyclopean towers;
 But ah, the peace within those tents of God,
 Greenly pavilioning the rare-enamelled sod!

Brief foretaste of the things to come, how sweet!
 Now he reclined, now stood, now slowly ranged,—
 The brook leaped gurgling past his dusty feet,
 Leaves lisped and trembled, light and shadow changed;
 Gravely the pillared pine hung overhead,
 And the light ash its net of fairy verdure spread.

'Tis past: eve forms her isles and lakes of red
 Athwart the sulphurous clouds above his home,
 And thoughts of his high labour—never dead
 Within his breast, howe'er his feet may roam—
 Bid him depart; but first, with kindled eye,
 He prays as one caught up and tranced in charity:

“Thou God of all these beauteous gentle things,
 That have so soothed Thy wearied servant here,
 And have bedewed with gracious drops the wings
 Of his faint soul all weak with pain and fear,—
 Grant the possessors of this blessed place
 To drink Thy Church's streams, the sevenfold founts of grace!

Bring them within the one and living fold!
 I know them not—but what is theirs hath been
 Somehow to me far more than gifts of gold;
 I love them for this brook and wild wood green.
 Lead them from Schism's proud error, Father dear,
 And give them better things than earth's ephemeral cheer;

And through them bless, when I am far away,
 The people I have fed. None know as yet
 The splendour of Thy truth and the One Way
 In this wide region full of mammon's fret,
 But my poor handful of the sons of toil:
 Oh, bless with their pure faith the lord of this fair soil!

For I faint slowly, and my race is done,
 So raise protectors of Thy flock oppressed!

Oft hath that flock unconscious blessing won,
 From this dear scene when I have here been blessed,
 For my strength hath been theirs in deed and word;
 Then bless their unknown friend—him and all his—O Lord!"

He went. Rarely again he sought the spot,
 Yet then breathed o'er it such strong spell of prayer,
 That pleadings sweet seemed haunting bower and grot,
 And meek Amens to sigh from stream and air.
 More shadowy wan he came each month and year,
 And then he passed away beyond all grief and fear.

Dying, he one day told of this stray hope
 And these fond prayers. Years vanished day by day,
 And now men point the mansion on the slope
 Beyond the glen, and mutter, "Well a way!
 Wonders will cease not—he that owns yon home
 Hath ta'en to the old faith, and is a son of Rome."

Yes—praise to God—he, wife, and children bright,
 Sole worshippers of Unity and Truth
 Of all their class in all that region's night,
 Stand champions of the faith's immortal youth;
 And oft when those glen flowers their glad eyes meet,
 They own the might of Prayer, and bless the dying Priest.

R. M.

Ecclesiastical Register.

DEATH OF THE RIGHT REV. DOMINGO DE SILOS MORENO, O.S.B. BISHOP OF CADIZ.

THIS venerable prelate died at Cadiz on the 9th of March. He was born at Canas, in the diocese of Calatorra, on the 23d of July, 1770. He entered the holy order of St. Benedict, and was professed in the monastery of St. Domingo de Silos. In the year 1818 he was consecrated in his monastery for a bishopric in America; but owing to revolutions in the Spanish colonies on that continent, he was prevented from going to his see, and was in 1824 appointed to the church of Cadiz. In an article on Spain in the *Dublin Review* for June 1845, the well-known pen of an illustrious writer tells of the zeal of this good bishop for the beauty of God's house, and how, after wonderful labours and great perseverance, he completed and consecrated the magnificent cathedral of his city. When, in the Spanish disturbances, the most holy prelates were selected as objects of persecution, an order for banishment was prepared for the Bishop of Cadiz; but when the ministers were assured that the issue of the notice would be followed by a revolution in that city, and that the whole population would rise to a man in defence of their beloved bishop, it was thought more prudent to withhold the order for his proscription. The affection of his flock found a ready and incere return in the heart of their pastor; for when an order of a different nature would have caused his removal from those whom he always

called and treated as his children, on his election to the archbishopric of Seville, he could not allow himself to be torn away from the faithful people of Cadiz. Though a bishop, yet he never forgot that he was a monk; and he had oftentimes been heard to say, that it would be a special mark of God's love to him, if He would grant him the grace of dying amongst the brethren of his order. This would seem to be hoping against hope, for the calamities of the revolution had not yet been so far retrieved as to allow the Church to witness the return of the Benedictines into Spain. And yet, by a singular coincidence, his eyes were allowed to see the salvation for which he sighed; for it happened that Dr. Salvado, a Benedictine monk, Bishop of Port Victoria, who had recently sailed from England, was waiting for a few days in Cadiz with several other monks on their way to Australia. Hearing of the illness of the bishop, Dr. Salvado proceeded to the episcopal residence, and with twenty-four monks knelt at the bedside of the dying prelate, administered to him the last comforts of religion, and received his last sigh. *Nunc dimittis servum tuum Domine in pace, quia viderunt oculi mei salutare tuum.* The holy bishop died in the 84th year of his age, and the 35th of his episcopacy. R. I. P.

On the day of the funeral, all the inhabitants of Cadiz vied with each other in testifying their respect and grief for their deceased pastor. The ceremonies commenced at half-past nine in the morning, and concluded at half-past three in the afternoon. The procession from the palace to the cathedral moved slowly through thickly-crowded streets, the whole population pouring out to witness the prelate borne for the last time along the very roads through which he had so often scattered benedictions. The children of the various schools, the members of the confraternities, the clergy of the different parish-churches, moved forward bearing crosses, lighted tapers, or banners, all joining in a sad but earnest chorus of prayer for the repose of his soul; while the body, vested in episcopal robes, was exposed to public view, and was borne on the shoulders of priests, the Archbishop of Seville and the Bishop of Port Victoria walking by its side. In the centre of the cathedral was prepared a rich catafalque, on which was laid a cedar coffin with a glass lid, within which were laid the cherished remains, which are thus to be preserved, with the features always able to be seen by those to whom his memory is so dear. The bishop had composed his own simple epitaph: "Here lies Brother Domingo de Silos Moreno, unworthy monk of the order of St. Benedict, and still more unworthy Bishop of Cadiz." In his will he requests that his body shall not be embalmed, that there shall be no funeral oration at his burial, lest the merits of the dead should be unduly extolled by the affection of the living, but that all the rites should be performed as prescribed by the Roman Ritual. The expenses he desires to be paid by his heirs, though they inherit nothing whatever; for the building of his cathedral, and his abundant charities to the poor, caused him to die as he had lived, in a state of apostolical poverty. *In memoria æterna erit justus . . . Dispersit dedit pauperibus, justitia ejus manet in sæculum sæculi.*

Birth.

At Corby Castle, County Cumberland, on Monday the 14th of March, the lady of Philip Henry Howard, Esq., of a son and heir. On the evening of Wednesday the 16th the infant was baptised by the Rev. Wm. Ryan, of St. Mary's Warwick-bridge, in the Oratory at Corby Castle, and received at the font the names of Philip John Canning. The sponsors were Henry Granville Fitzallan Howard, Earl of Arundel and Surrey; the Right Hon. Emma Agnes Lady Petre (aunt to the infant) being represented by Marmaduke Constable Maxwell, Esq., of Terregles, Dumfriesshire, and Miss Cookson, of Meldon Park, Northumberland, as proxies.

The Rambler.

PART LXVI.

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To Correspondents.

The Title and Index of Vol. XI. are unavoidably omitted in the present No. *

Correspondents who require answers in private are requested to send their complete address, a precaution not always observed.

We cannot undertake to return rejected communications.

All communications must be *postpaid*. Communications respecting *Advertisements* must be addressed to the publishers, Messrs. BURNS and LAMBERT; but communications intended for the Editor himself should be addressed to the care of Mr. READER, 9 Park Street, Bristol.